

Gems
in Poetry
and Prose

BY L. SANTEE



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GEMS in POETRY and PROSE

*from Minds of Acquired and Revealed
Knowledge revised and enlarged by the
author to keep step with progressive
:-: :-: :-: development :-: :-: :-:*



By

L. SANTEE

1324 MAGNOLIA STREET
OAKLAND, CALIF.

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1924

H. S. CROCKER CO.
PUBLISHERS
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

Announcement

*T*O appreciative readers, Past, Present and Future: This volume of poetry and prose revised and enlarged from the original by the author incorporated into life's activities will multiply human happiness beyond the power of mathematical computation.

Wisdom congratulates her children in selecting this volume for their personal associate.

Respectfully yours,

THE AUTHOR.

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An Unchanging Rule for Builders

Before you build, sit down and count the cost
 To build the very best.
And when you build, use that which stands the test
 In building great and small.

Should you desire that others you might lead
 In deed or words or thought,
Then you must build, for that cannot be bought,
 This must be built by you.

This rule holds good in all we undertake,
 In thought, or word, or deed.
For we must reap according to the seed
 That we have scattered here.

Thought plows the fertile soil of mind,
 And there we scatter seeds.
They bring forth useful grain or useless weeds,
 This last with fire is burned.

Then, while we build with thought or words or
 deeds,
 Be honest, thorough, pure.
For what we build must ever more endure
 Through cycles yet to come.

Analysis

Emerging from the darkness of human ignorance into the marvelous light of acquired and revealed knowledge, we recognize God, the author of universal life and reproduction, upon the throne of supreme perfection, creative power and government. Springing from His bosom is an exhaustless fountain of parental devotion amply sufficient to meet the demands of physical, intellectual and spiritual development.

While standing beneath the starry firmament of night, who has not felt the boundless magnitude of spiritual life and power that could people boundless space with those twinkling orbs of night by countless millions, each one representing planets, perhaps the larger number of them many times greater than the planet upon which we live?

Were we to continue this speculation from an astronomical point of view we would become lost in its immensity. Therefore, for a clearer insight, let us return to this planet representing our physical home. For even here, in this little nook of God's perfection, creative power and government, we find millions of object lessons leading up to the immensity of God's parental devotion, and the provisions that He has made to meet the requirements of His creations thruout the cycles of time and unending eternity. When we consider the magnitude of a God of this power, like David of old, we are constrained to call out, "What is humanity that Thou art mindful of us or the children of humanity that thou regardest them? For thou hast made us but little lower than the angels

and crowned us with glory and honor.” Therefore permit me to reiterate somewhat in the language of the psalmist when we say, “What is humanity or the children of our humanity that God is mindful of us and crowns us with glory and honor?” This answer comes back to us: The Creator has an important position to fill in the economy of His divine will. But we are recreant to the trust He has endowed us with and instead of submitting to the desires of His will under the guidance of the Holy Spirit we violate that trust even after His only begotten Son has become security for us. But the unbounded love of our Creator in devotion to His creations has tempered justice with mercy, for, while justice demands the completion of our obligation to the Creator’s will and requires banishment into outer darkness for disobedience, His boundless love through Christ intercedes for repentant humanity and our Creator extends to repentant humanity the sceptre of reconciliation. But those who refuse the Holy Spirit’s guidance and reject these proffered offers by substituting our own selfish desires for the Creator’s will we are no longer His servants, for we have transferred our service from the Creator to the service of our own selfish desires to which we have given allegiance.

However, God’s parental love still reaches out toward the children of disobedience and He does not reject their return thru repentance while the indwelling tenant is unseparated from this physical habitation known as the human body.

Nature and Her Children

Those lofty peaks on mountains high
In majesty of form,
Their snow-capped heads in yonder sky,
Proudly they meet the storm.

The storm-king from his throne in cloud
Above them hurls his lash;
Then come those rolling thunders loud
From the lightning's flash.

They waken nature from her dreams
Upon those mountains bold;
While down their sides in sparkling streams
Flow nature's liquid gold.

She pools this wealth with friends below
On hill, in veil or field.
Their reservoirs then overflow
With an abundant yield.

Nature delights in garments all
Her changes thru the year.
Winter and Spring, Summer and Fall
Completes her wardrobe near.

Dame Nature robes herself in green
On Spring's reception day.
Bright smiles upon her face are seen,
Her children romp and play.

Their paints are sunshine, dew and shower,
Tinted from rainbow's glow.
They paint each blossom, leaf and flower
That nature's gardens grow.

They place rich fruits by tiny stems
On tree, the bush or vine.
Delicious flavors fill these gems
From nature's hidden mine.

Winter and Fall complete the store
From fields of corn and wheat,
That there may be supplies and more
When we cold winter meet.

How wonderful God's boundless love
To erring mortals given,
Coming from His dear throne above,
On earth begins our heaven.

Awake, fond harps, your notes of love
Vibrating from each string.
Those pearly gates swing wide above,
Thru them our anthems ring.

Oh, love divine! All love exceeding
Beyond the notes that angels raise,
Above all other notes are ringing
Redemption's song, triumphant praise.

Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Redeemed ones here below.
Praise God above, ye Heavenly Host,
From Him all blessings flow.

The Boy Scout

Written to encourage the Society in their deeds of love.

We're a band of sturdy fellows,
Chock full of life, for work or fun;
Whether on land or rolling billows,
We have a hand for every one.

We lead the blind, the lame, the helpless,
Whate'er may be their failing part.
Where'er we see the sign of weakness,
We have a sympathetic heart.

Where grief o'erflows and silent tear
Rolls down the full or furrowed cheek,
You'll know the Boy Scout, he is near
With words of comfort here to speak.

Our hearts are light as birds on wing
From early morn till close of day.
We dance and shout, we laugh and sing,
Brightening corners on our way.

Spiritual Recognition

With spirit's recognition
Throughout God's Holy word,
We bow in adoration
To Christ, our risen Lord.

He bears our heart's petition
To God in their bright home,
They know our weak condition,
They bid us freely come.

God's treasure house stands open
To those who love His will,—
These words to us were spoken,
"Your measures freely fill."

The Bible is our witness,
Sent down from God above;
He knows about our fitness,
We see His boundless love.

The Changing Seasons

What means those rolling thunders loud,
Within the vault on high,
The lightnings flashing from the cloud
That covers yonder sky?

Ah! God is forging raindrops bright,
They quickly fall to earth.
We view with awe the wondrous sight
When God gives Spring her birth.

The budding branch with incense sweet,
Is swinging censers now.
All Nature worships at God's feet
While head and knees we bow.

The birds return on eager wing
From their far southland home,
They flit, they chirp, they joyful sing,
While here and there they roam.

The lambs are playing on the hill,
Or rest in pleasant shade—
Their mothers' hearts with rapture thrill
That God such pleasure made.

The farmer plants and sows the field
For corn or waving grain—
His hopes are high that they will yield
A bounteous summer gain.

The sun mounts up to throne of noon,
He rules the hours of light,
And then descends for queenly moon
To rule the hours of night.

Young Summer comes with beaming pride
To meet his sweetheart, Spring.
All Nature greets the coming bride,
And loving tributes bring.

The Fall with frosty sickle bright
Reaps the last fruitage here,
Then Winter spreads his garments white
Upon the dying year.

And is this all and shall it be
When Death to us shall come?
Ah, no. A future life we see
And an Eternal Home.

There we shall harvest what we've sown
Unless repentance here
Shall claim our pardon at God's throne,
And make our title clear.

To get perfect harmony out of these verses turn to John,
3:16, and use it as your keynote.

Present and Future

Without a future yonder
Above this world of strife,
Let us a moment ponder
Upon this present life.

Then we, like vegetation,
No future leads on High,
We share disintegration,
No future when we die.

Our love would be in danger
With unchained self-desire,
For Love would be a stranger
Within this flame of fire.

No law our lust to govern,
Our lust for self-desire;
For Lust to us is sovereign,
He feeds these flames of fire.

Upon our human features
We see this greed for lust,
Among all living creatures
No one in whom to trust.

No love for one another
Upon life's rugged road,
No helping of a brother
To ease the heavy load.

To Christ we are a debtor
To light our upward way,
He gives us something better
Creating perfect day.

We share each other's pleasures
Our future shining bright,
A gem among our treasures,
It gives us perfect light.

Liberty and Freedom



LIBERTY and freedom are unfinished conditions beginning with the dawn of their existence, and requiring time and eternity to accomplish their unfinished work.

Eloquence with its expert flow of language has failed to complete a finished picture of them upon the canvas of memory. The skilled artist with his brush dripping with paint of rainbow colors has also failed to produce the finished picture upon the canvas.

Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty, with its flaming torch held aloft by that honored hand and arm, is broadcasting its unfinished light wherever humanity is found. In this way they are establishing a union of brotherhood including all nations, kindreds and peoples, disregarding color, intelligence and other physical and mental conditions of whatever character or nature they may be.

This flaming torch of liberty, broadcasting its light throughout the world, is now awakening nations from the sleep of centuries. This spirit of liberty and freedom is necessary in the onward march of progressive development. Liberty produces freedom of action within the atmosphere of its creator that does not antagonize creative power and government. In this way humanity is performing the

work for which we were created in harmony with the Creator's will. Therefore, liberty and freedom create a golden chain running through regenerated humanity and leading upward through this brotherhood into the fatherhood of perfection.

Liberty and freedom enables humanity to keep up with the fleeting moments of time through a progressive series of development as long as time and eternity shall endure. But liberty of action in this physical body of ours ends its unfinished work when physical death shall separate the body and the soul.

But the spirit or soul enters upon a new sphere of action that includes eternity. This enables us to lay foundations of happiness while here on earth, creating our spiritual habitation in the atmosphere of divine harmony. But, liberty and freedom, under conditions hereinbefore named, also enables humanity to defy God's law out of harmony with His will requiring punishment for disobedience.

Should death of our physical body visit us while under that condemnation, we are excluded from the habitation of glory. For unrepentant and unforgiven disobedience belongs to the creator of evil that they have been serving.

Therefore, where can there be injustice in God's law of creative power and government while He has removed every barrier to our liberty of will?

Our reading, speaking and our song
To meet the people's will
Must be emphatic, earnest, strong
That eloquence must thrill.

Marriage Bells

Ring, marriage bells, your fondest peal
Above this sacred place
Where hearts have come, their troth to seal.
Lord, show Thy loving face!

God, Thou hast formed the sexes here
Where heart unites with heart,
And with Thy loving presence near,
They, death alone, should part.

They walk life's highway hand in hand,
Their thoughts and lives are one,
Until they reach that better land
Where life's journey is done.

They fill the place that God has given
On Him, together, call,
And when their bliss unites in heaven
His love shall cover all.

The Thrones of Love

(Revised by the Author.)

God's throne of love supreme above,
Supporting every other,
From human hearts to Christ Divine,
Uniting God and Mother.

Each country has its throne of love,
Where friendly nations gather.
George Washington, first ruler here,
Received the name of Father.

Each home should have its throne of love,
With friends and family seated.
And when they all are gathered there,
That circle is completed.

Another throne we mention here,
Which all true hearts remember.
It is the throne of woman's love,
So faithful, pure and tender.

She walks with us the downward road,
Through sin and degradation.
Keeping her garments pure and white
Creates our admiration.

These thrones of love begin above,
Each throne joined to its brother.
Until God's throne of perfect love
Encircles every other.

Our Guest

You are a welcome Guest,
Crossing our life's highway.
Come in and sweetly rest;
Renew your strength today.

May angel forms descend
Adown Dream's ladder bright;
While pleasant thoughts ascend,
As Jacob's did that night.

He lay upon the ground,
His pillow was a stone;
There sweetest rest He found,
His ladder reached the Throne.

He was the desert's care,
But you to us have come;
Our pleasures freely share,
Our comforts and our home.

Now while you sweetly rest,
With us God's presence share;
For those are richly blest
Who know His loving care.

Sunshine and Shadow

In unobstructed sunshine
No shadows do we see;
To cast a single shadow,
Obstruction there must be.

Love's unobstructed sunshine
Contains no load of care;
While walking to this sunlight,
We find no shadows there.

We at each friendship's crossing
Each other's pleasure share,
Creating sweetest blossoms—
Their perfume fills the air.

We meet love at these crossings,
There blending, heart to heart;
There is no perfect blending
Without love's chosen part.

Now should there be a wedding
Binding two human hearts,
Without this perfect blending,
Without love's chosen parts?

They walk life's sunless highway
Through all their dreary years,
No loving arms entwining,
No love to dry their tears.

Watch well before the wedding
The blending of each heart,
For all imperfect blendings
Leave shadows in each part.

Mother's Birthday

How sweet to know a Mother's love
And feel her presence near,
Her Birthday is a joy sublime—
New Christmas in our Year.

Her loved ones greet this day of days
Along the path of time.
It fills our thoughts in future years,
Your Birthday, Mother mine.

It brings back thoughts of your dear form
To each succeeding day,
Its sunshine in each lonely heart
To light our onward way.

Should Mother reach those pearly Gates
Before our work is through,
Oh, happy we, to greet her there
In her bright mansion new.

Memorial Day

Please stand with the author in the world's cemetery while
he reads in your hearing his revised Memorial Day poem.

From honored graves the dead come forth;
We see by spirit vision
Those bodies that are sleeping here.
They form a long procession.

Some by great deeds of valor led
The honored of their nation.
We read on scroll of noble fame
Their life, their work, their station.

Like soldiers, firm as adamant,
They stand on land and ocean
Upon some field of noble strife
In battle's wild commotion.

And when the bugle sounds the charge
Not one is seen to falter;
Their swords and bayonets make way
To valor's sacred altar.

Upon their breasts from woman's hands
They wear proud honor's token.
With manly tread this badge they wear
With courage still unbroken.

From other graves new forms arise,
They pass from earth to heaven.
Their bodies bound to stakes were burned,
Their lives to God were given.

Among these sleeping Pioneers,
From some great onward movement,
Our greeting with our thanks we bring
For your wide world improvement.

Although your loved have passed away
From this, your unknown mound,
Their spirits now have led us here,
Your grave for us have found.

And now this day, these flowers we bring,
These silent graves to cover.
We feel your presence with us here,
Your spirits round us hover.

Thanksgiving for a National Victory

Ye hypocrites, are these your pranks
To murder men and give God thanks?
Desist, for shame; proceed no further;
God won't receive your thanks for murder.

Perfection, Creative Power and Government



IS it not a conservative estimate that eighty per cent of our population manifest discontent for absence of personal recognition in the united work of human achievement? To overcome that discontent, we have this announcement from those in authority. Although you were the smallest, invisible, undivisible fraction of a united body or completed work, your absence would defeat perfection. Having established human importance and the throne of perfection upon this unmovable foundation, we will now turn to some selections from the Bible Storehouse of revealed knowledge.

“In the beginning God created the Heavens and the Earth.” In this selection from Genesis, the first book of Old Testament Scriptures, we recognize God, the Father of creative power and government, upon the throne of perfection. Before the throne are ministering spirits to do the bidding of His will. By His word of command, rotating planets speed around their centers of attraction upon the boulevards of space. Upon the boulevards of human construction, we see and hear the crashing of machines, for they are guided by the erring hand of imperfect humanity. Upon the boulevards of space there are no crashing of worlds, for they are guided by the unerring hand of infinite perfection.

“The Heavens declare the glory of God and the

firmament showeth forth his handiwork." Aided by the perfection of planetary movements, we construct timepieces, enabling us to unionize individual energies and record their achievements upon the pages of history. Historic knowledge, memory, and intellectual perception, are the footsteps of progressive development. "Onward, ever onward, human progress none can stay. Those who make the vain endeavor shall like chaff be swept away."

We will now turn to another selection from Revelation, the last book of New Testament Scripture. Here we recognize Satan, one of those ministering spirits, before the throne of perfection, using the liberty of his will to defeat God's laws of government. This antagonism, having introduced discord into the paradise of God's visible presence, to re-establish harmony upon an unchangeable foundation, Satan and his followers are banished into outer darkness.

Returning to Old Testament Scriptures, we are introduced to Adam and Eve in the Eden of God's visible presence on earth. Having permitted Satan to find lodgment in their hearts, while that spirit of evil remains, they must also share his banishment. In that banishment, they lose sight of God, but He does not lose sight of them. Through the darkness they hear His voice commanding them to multiply, replenish the earth, and subdue it. Yielding willing obedience to that command, Eve brings forth children, and nourishes them upon her bosom. In them are centered the affections of the home, national life, and the hopes of the future. From them come forth our boys, trundling their favorite

toys, while our girls bestow upon their dolls the fond caress of maternal devotion. Dolls and toys are prime factors of vital importance in the construction, multiplication, and maintenance of human activities, when controlled by physical, intellectual and spiritual adaptation. Remove devotion to her children, from mother's life, and protection of mother and children, from father's life, and you have undermined the foundation of social harmony, permitting passion to enslave those children that they may feed the morbid appetites of greed and lust. Thank God for parental devotion and protection.

We will now return to the onward march of progressive human development. Here we recognize humanity absorbed in the game of competition, under the leadership of regenerated and unregenerated humanity. Regenerated humanity is what Christ meant when He said, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Ye must be born again." This spiritual birth conceived in the atmosphere of boundless love, through Christ's atonement for repentant humanity, creates human desires in harmony with God's will. Unregenerated humanity attempts reconciliation by discarding Christ's atonement and substituting unsupported human effort which must be rejected at the throne of final settlement. When death closes the gate of neglected opportunity, by separating the soul from its physical habitation, unsupported by the atonement, that soul must become a prisoner of remorse in the pit of a bottomless hell. Is it any wonder that regenerated humanity is willing to sacrifice worldly ambitions, time,

talents, even life itself, that they may arouse unregenerated humanity from those opiates of satanic delusion! Those taking refuge in the atonement through the influence that we have asserted, are the sheaves of golden grain that we have gleaned from life's harvest and stored in the garner of eternity, creating that fountain of perpetual, overflowing joy awaiting us in the paradise of God's visible presence.

Oh, Love divine, all love exceeding,
Beyond the notes that angels raise,
Above all other notes are ringing
Redemption's song, triumphant praise.

Republican Democracy

Republican Democracy
With Coolidge in the chair,
For our loved Harding, death has called
To join the hosts of heaven.

But ties of brotherhood are strong,
Unbroken by death's call;
Harding's mantle on Coolidge falls
To guide where duty leads.

Through foaming waves and billows high
Coolidge has hand on helm;
Our ship weathers the darkest storm,
Our flag floating above.

His crew is noble, valiant, brave,
No truer can be found;
Each one stands firmly at the post
Though storms around them rage.

Then hoist your banners, rally round
Coolidge on voting day,
Supporting him and his honored crew
In nineteen twenty-four.

For he his pledge has nobly kept
In presidential oath.
Our country calls him to renew
That oath so nobly filled.

Then he again shall fill the chair
In nineteen twenty-five,
Our nation's honor calls him there
To finish work begun.

Our Darling Mother U. S. A.

Our darling mother, U. S. A.,
Upon this bed of earth,
Seven long years in trouble lay
To give this nation birth.

Washington's troops stood guard alway,
Joy came at break of morn,
For on that Independence Day
Our Liberty was born.

Those guards then raised their hands on high
And pledged themselves anew,
With her to live, for her to die,
Those men were brave and true.

And now we are this present year,
A nation strongly grown,
While in the countries far and near
Our Liberty is known.

Eight times ten million hands on high
Now pledge themselves anew
With her to live, for her to die,
Our arms are strong and true.

While millions bless our Mother fair,
This honored U. S. A.,
For her our anthems fill the air
Around the world today.

Though generations now have gone
Since our first natal day,
Old Glory still is waving on
O'er Liberty's bright way.

Then while we pledge each heart and hand
To our loved U. S. A.,
To Mother, Home and Native Land,
God smiles on us today.

Jubilee

The author was inspired to write the following poem while listening to an address by Mrs. Montgomery of the Baptist Women's Foreign Missionary Society, at a Jubilee meeting.

Our year of Jubilee has come,
Lift up your hearts and sing.
Hope, Faith and Love to earth has come
Upon bright Angel's wing.

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
In skies sweet anthems ring,
They tell us of a Savior's love,
They point to Christ, our King.

Our prayers mount up to God on high,
Through Christ, our Savior dear,
He bears to Heaven our faintest plea,
From Saint and Sinner, here.

Before another Jubilee
May prayers encircling earth
Mount up to God, upon His throne,
Through Christ, who gives them birth.

God, the Birds and Me

God gives the birds their food to eat,
From earth, the sky or sea;
He gives to them their bread and meat,
Just as He does to me.

They gather food from morn till night
For those within their nest;
The mother bird has joy and light
And welcomes mate to rest.

They chirp and sing the livelong day,
In summer, autumn, spring;
They make us happy on our way,
Our hearts with them now sing.

God does not place the food in nest,
For either bird or me;
He in His wisdom thinks it best
For all to work, you see.

The birds arise with morning light,
That herald of the day,
Which tells that sun so warm and bright
Has started on his way.

For hours to work, to talk, or play,
God sends the hours of light;
For man and bird at close of day
He sends, for sleep, the night.

While sun gives light, the birds give song;
They're dressed in plumage bright;
They cheer our hearts the whole day long,
From break of day till night.

They lift their heads while here they sing;
Their songs are full of love
To God, who gave to them the wing
To fly in air above.

They praise the Lord for morning light,
They praise Him every one;
That He has watched their sleep at night
Until first rays of sun.

God at His throne in heaven so far,
To Him their notes they raise;
To God who made the morning star,
Their joyful songs of praise.

God sees us all on bended knee
In prayer to Him above;
One day He'll say to you and me:
"Come to my home of love."

The faintest voice that's raised in prayer
From saint and sinner here,
Is carried up that golden stair
To Christ, our Savior dear.

Christ, us a mansion now prepares
For those who love Him here;
With joy we mount the golden stairs,
His loving presence near.

To dwell with Christ, our Savior dear,
Within that city bright;
Then no more sorrow, doubt or fear,
Where Christ shall be the light.

The Ocean

I stood upon thy beach, O ocean!
And listened to thy ceaseless roar,
Thy power, and wrath, in great commotion,
As waves rolled high on sandy shore.

Then sweetly as a maiden sleeping
Tranquilly dreaming thoughts of love,
While from her glowing face reflecting
The moon and twinkling stars above.

Ships on thy placid bosom lying,
Beneath a clear and azure sky,
No foaming billows round them plying,
Nor threat'ning clouds above them fly.

As harvest hands at dinner resting,
Gathering strength for further work,
The sailors know that dangers nesting
And storms beyond this quiet lurk.

The captain knows the sign appalling
Within the glass so small and slim,
The liquid there is quickly falling,
The sailors haste those sails to trim.

Scarcely upon the deck they're standing
When mast and ship begin to reel,
The roaring storm upon them speeding,
The angry winds those masts now feel.

As raging monsters on them sweeping
Now crushing ship and helm and mast;
The sea and storm then o'er them sweeping,
That ship and men are in the past.

O thou sea, within thy rock bound shore
How many hopes and men lie deep.
But God from heaven they'll hear once more
Calling them from that briny sleep.

O'er sea and land God's trumpet shall sound,
All nations' dead that voice shall hear;
Wherever a human grave is found
They shall come forth to joy or fear.

Sailor on ocean, give God your heart,
He wants you in His Kingdom, too;
Make the Bible your heavenly chart,
Much work for Him you then can do.

The World and Its Troubles

This world and its troubles,
As through them we move,
Thoughts bring back memories
Of scenes that we love.

These thoughts of our childhood
In rich colors glow
Like rainbows of promise
On crystals of snow.

In thoughts of our spring time
Bright blossoms we see,
The hope of youth's fruitage
That grows on life's tree.

A dear family and friends
Together now stand;
No thought of life's troubles
Have entered that band.

Encircling an organ,
Their voices they raise
With home songs they love,
Their tribute of praise.

The father and mother
Sit peacefully there;
The scene and those dear songs
They lovingly share.

They see in those loved ones
Their hopes and their joys,
Their dear loving children,
Those girls and those boys.

These thoughts now float backward
O'er oceans of time;
That family is scattered
In country and clime.

These scenes of our childhood,
Though oceans may part,
Waves of their memory
Oft gladden the heart.

Exegesis

Testimony, Human and Divine



ONE of the foundation principles of law is that all testimony corroborated by two or more unimpeachable witnesses must become an established fact.

Now if human testimony is to be received as a fact, how much more is Divine Testimony on the same basis worthy of unqualified acceptance? Established facts on Human Testimony is liable to err for they are founded upon erring human knowledge, while Divine Testimony is founded upon God's perfection. Therefore God's testimony so supported should be immutable and must be accepted as such without question or qualification as His testimony is corroborated by Christ, an unimpeachable witness and in this connection the New Testament Scriptures contain the unimpeachable evidence of God's testimony in the Old Testament.

Now having cleared our way from all possibility of doubt, let us proceed to an examination of these testimonials. Through God's testimony by His spirit of prophecy we receive the story of creation which substantiates human knowledge regarding the established fact that there can be no creation without a Creator and that this Creator has power greater than His creations and that therefore they are subservient to Him whom we call Creator, Deity, God and similar titles and that all His creations are subservient to His will and obedient to

His law and punishment for any act of disobedience and that this applies to inanimate as well as animate life everywhere spiritual as well as material and that God is the creator of all things and by Him and through Him they were and are created and are recorded in the following:

In the beginning God created the heavens and earth. Then He gives us His formula of creations. He tells us He placed two great lights in the firmament of heaven, the greater light to rule the day and the lesser light to rule the night.

Here we see He expresses duty and service to inanimate nature. Were they to disobey His law the crashing of worlds or other equally great catastrophies would follow. Through our intelligence and superior wisdom man is able to realize this and also to realize that if service and obedience is of such momentous importance in inanimate nature how much more is service and obedience in human beings who occupy a more exalted position than mere lifeless matter. Therefore God endowed us with freedom of choice. In this testimony regarding man's creation we are told God created us in His image and likeness, then He placed us in the Eden of his visible presence on earth and gave us dominion over these creations, but to satisfy desire we, through our freedom of choice, became disobedient to God to satisfy that desire, but by obtaining that desire we also acquired a depraved nature which being the heritage of disobedience is opposed to God's laws and will. Man could not have association with a God of purity and perfection and therefore had to be driven from

His presence and invisible spiritual kingdom. So great was this distance from our impurity to God's purity, God's nature was scarcely discernible to us. So dim and shadowy was this that when in the fullness of time Christ, the heir of God's kingdom, took upon Himself our humanity that He by His crucifixion and death might redeem us from our heritage of sin and death. This Christ, this Son of God, had to perform miracles by producing immediate results instead of following His Father's formula of nature. We recognize this in Christ's first miracles in Canan of Galilee when to furnish doubting man the presence of His divinity, He changes the water into sweet wine. His Father's formula to nature was to change water into the juice of those beautiful clusters of grapes by hanging them upon the vine to grow and ripen in the sun until the time for gathering, when they were gathered and from which were extracted the sweet wine of the vintage.

But so shadowy was God's visible presence in this to our depraved nature that Christ in order to show His divinity ordered water pots standing there empty to be filled with water and then immediately to draw out of them the purest of wine, so pure and delicious that those there wondered why that wine was served at the end instead of the beginning of the marriage feast.

Not only did Christ perform many miracles while here to show his divinity and also His power with the Father to create, but also enabled His disciples and us, His followers, to perform as He has said, even greater things, for he is to go to the Father.

After Christ had gone up and down through Palestine and surrounding country for about three and a half years performing these miracles He permitted poor depraved men to nail Him to a cross and there as a criminal to die between two other criminals, then to be put in a tomb and have the king's seal put across its entrance to show that grave contained the dead body of Him who had dared to claim sonship with God and who had said when shown the great Jewish temple, "Destroy this temple and in three days I will raise it up again."

Oh, how Satan, through poor depraved man, exulted over His death and the scattering and hiding of His followers, but when He spoke of destroying this temple He meant His own body, which by raising it up in three days, He was to defeat all His adversaries by breaking the king's seal, rolling the stone from the door and walking forth in the strength of a renewed body and life victorious over death and the grave that we, too, whose sins had helped to place Him there, that we who had disobeyed His Father and slain Christ that we with Him might have victory over death and hell and at last dwell with Him in Glory. His work was not yet completed until He arose to the kingdom of the Father and received His glorification and sent His holy spirit, the comforter, to prepare us who will accept Christ as our Redeemer to also be with Him lifted up to the visible presence and kingdom of God the Father.

This is the corroborative evidence of Christ as an eye witness to the testimony of His Father and must therefore establish God's law and works as perfect as a perfect God would make them.

Now this testimony of the Father and the Son in the Old and New Testament Scriptures have outlined His will for our obedience to Him as well as for our government of and for each other here on earth.

In these testimonials God has written how we should make laws in conformity to His Ten Commandments as well as Christ's two commandments covering those ten of the Father. Also in his testimony He has outlined our state and family government after His family government in heaven and like His, our earthly family government is to be the foundation of our community and state government. Thus in conformity to God's divine law we are to form families here on earth in which the parents, the father and the mother, are the executive head and to whom the children and those in that home must render honor and obedience just as the parents and those under their roof are accountable to God. Then from this starting point on earth succeeding each step, onward to the highest ruler in our land, we are to render service and honor while to each individual in our class we are to receive and render service and honor to even the preferring of others to ourselves that self may be subservient to love and thus fulfilling Christ's law of love when He commanded us to love one another even as He has loved us, and in this way fulfill the brotherhood of man, and by the same love from those who rule, toward those they rule, will fulfill the sonship of God.

Before proceeding further we desire to call your attention to the testimonies in the Bible regarding

the Holy Ghost, the third person in God's government of creation. We find him spoken of as one who counsels God's obedient subjects and warns us of the folly of disobedience. Before Adam and Eve transgressed God's law the Holy Spirit had warned them, but he could not interfere with their freedom of choice at that time any more than He interferes with the freedom of your choice or my choice today, but He does warn us, by word and counsel and warning is the voice of conscience which by constant frequent repetition grow fainter and fainter until we have gone away so far from God we have ceased to hear the warnings of the Holy Ghost or Holy Spirit. May God grant that this is not the condition of any one within the sound of my voice or the reading of these words; to such, hope has forever fled and they can be counted as among the damned and lost souls.

Are we our brothers' keeper? Yes. God has so dictated and will hold us responsible if we refuse to let the light which He has given us to shine upon them, for the Holy Ghost has appointed this as our work for the Master and our love for Christ and our fellows and we must give an account of our stewardship at the bar of heaven, for when death ends our work and life here shall settle our position in the eternal hereafter, unless in the freedom of our choice we accept Christ as our redemption. And when are we to do this and how long can we afford to delay? What certainty have we that this moment and breath is not our last? Can you and I afford to jeopardize our mortal soul for the empty baubles that vanish at our touch? I ap-

peal to you in the name of Christ shut not the door of your heart against the appeal of conscience. How often we are asked, "Shall we in eternity have memories of this life on earth?" I answer yes. This is shown in Christ's parable of Abraham, Lazarus and the rich man. That rich man lifted up his eyes, being in torment, and recognized Lazarus in Abraham's bosom and begged Abraham to send Lazarus with one drop of water to cool his parched tongue, but Abraham's answer also showed that he had memories of earth. Yes, we shall not only recognize our friends and loved ones in heaven, but does this not teach us that we shall recognize those in hell as well as they also will be able to recognize those in Glory. But they cannot pass from hell to heaven nor from heaven to hell, for there is an impassable gulf between the two. Through the testimonies contained in the Bible, God reveals to us that in the great convention convened in heaven His Son alone was found able to redeem humanity from the curse of disobedience. His great love for us permitted Christ to become our atonement by coming to our earth as that babe in the Bethlehem manger, to grow to the manhood of human maturity and then to suffer crucifixion and human death to pay the debt of disobedience for all who by the freedom of their choice should receive Christ as their atonement so that through Christ's resurrection and ascension to the King's highway through which we who accept Christ's atonement may return to our heaven of God's spiritual kingdom and visible presence.

Temples Natural and Artificial

Communion with Dame Nature
And with Dame Nature's God
Are inbred human passions
That need no chastening rod.

Those moss carpeted bowers
Emitting odors sweet
From leafy trees and flowers,
Temples where God we meet.

There we read nature's Bible,
God's written words begun,
From revelations gathered,
Shaded from nature's sun.

Songbirds are heavenly choirs,
Rehearsing music sweet
That fill our hearts' desires
There harmony to greet.

Our temples artificial
Lack much of nature's glow,
But they are beneficial;
There, souls for heaven grow.

Fail, thou, not now to worship
In churches here below,
And then when God calls upward,
Joyous our souls will go.

Broadcasting Democracy

When Washington placed victor's wreath
Upon fair freedom's brow,
We pledged Democracy's support,
A pledge unbroken now.

He sits in Presidential chair,
That wreath upon his head.
Oh, happy day that placed him there
By nation's valor led.

And now he rules from East to West,
Across our broad domain.
Sweet Liberty sits with him there
To monarchy restrain.

Democracy has crossed the waves
To east Atlantic's shore.
England and France invited him
To stand in opened door.

Democracy's broadcasting now—
This star from out the west
Is shining with fair freedom's light,
The world's abiding guest.

Forms of Nature

The brain is filled with deepest emotion
Thinking of glories that around us lie;
The depth, the breadth, the beauty of ocean,
Its wonders within, its waves dashing high.

The fish dressed in scales all perfect and bright
Dwelling in caverns of their ocean deep,
Shells for their pictures—a beautiful sight,
Sporting, and playing, or resting in sleep.

We now will view those peaks on mountains high,
Grandeur of strength and majesty of form;
God's sentinels with whitened heads in sky
Above the lightning's flash and clouds of storm.

There at their feet descend those canyons deep,
With lights and shades and brightest colors rare;
'Tis here that God His richest pictures keep,
And here their softest tints He doth prepare.

The ground he paints with sunshine, dew and
shower;
All over earth His richest colors glow;
Each spring He paints the blossom and the flower;
Their sweet perfume we breathe while here they
grow.

God builds the forest from shrub to tall pine,
Berries on bushes, rich fruit on the tree;
Large clusters of grapes that hang from the vine;
Food for squirrel and birds, for you and me.

Those storm chariots with lightning in wheels,
In fury that drive across the blue sky;
Their roaring and rushing the earth now feels,
Through darkened clouds that above us fly.

God sifts the raindrops where nature doth ride;
The icy crystals and feathers of snow;
The cloud, their home, where they all doth abide;
Their covers He spreads on all here below.

Why farther attempt these wonders to name
On earth below or in heaven above?
His power still large, is ever the same,
While through it all we can see His great love.

Columbus

Columbus saw on scroll of fame
Those names that deeds had written there;
There first of all was his own name,
While greater deeds not one could share.

He dared to teach, "the earth is round,"
Not flat, as cardinals would say;
His doctrine he would dare to sound,
By sailing westward day by day.

Atlantic has a sunset shore
Beyond this ocean's broad domain;
Westward we reach rich India's store,
Then on, still on, till home again.

He argued long, his words were bold,
To get from Spain these vessels three;
The queen there pawned her jewels old;
She had great faith in him, you see.

He journeyed on this westward sea
Against the restless rolling tide;
While sailors feared this trip begun
Should end far down the ocean's side.

His crews were men who all those years
On superstition long had fed;
They all were filled with useless fears
From superstition's poisoned bread.

He tried to quell their common fear
While through those westward waves he swept;
Through many months of that long year,
Relentless still, he onward kept.

Columbus begged for one more night
With mutiny and sufferings more;
His eyes must see the moving light
To prove they neared the sunset shore.

Land! Land! the cry rang loud and clear
Upon that day's first morning light;
It reached the sailor's listening ear,
They haste to view the welcome sight.

His name shall lead this worldly fame
All others must beneath enroll.
Columbus first, the highest name
Is written on this worldly scroll.

Invitational Hymn

Do you not hear the dear Savior knocking,
Knocking at the door of your heart today?
O, do not keep Him there longer waiting,
Open the door of your heart while you may.

He has called, yes, He has been here before,
Those wounds in his hands and feet were for me.
Now while He is standing outside my door,
That crown of thorns on His brow I can see.

He is the Son of the Lord of Heaven,
Come to a heart full of evil and sin;
His life for me on that cross was given.
I will open my door and let Him in.

CHORUS:

Yes, I can hear the dear Savior knocking,
Knocking at the door of my heart today;
I can not keep Him there longer waiting,
I will open my heart without delay.

Then lead me to the cross,
To that dear Heart of Love,
It was there that He bled for me.

Then lead me to the cross;
To that GREAT Heart of Love.
It was there that He died for me.

God's Order and Harmony

When these worlds were formed and placed in their
course

By the hand of that great Infinite One,
He made law and order a primal force;
By these agents all His great work was done.

That network of worlds up there in the sky,
Each one in its own orbit is moving.
While hither and thither they seem to fly,
All know their own way; there is no roving.

To find God's great laws we need not thus stray
Among those far distant orbits to roam;
While here His firm but harmonious sway
Is seen through creation on earth, our home.

God made the forest and placed there the tree,
Oak, pine, and maple, each in his own class.
No changing by nature of class we see
While all grow together, a friendly mass.

God made the birds and taught them how to nest,
The robin and sparrow, pigeon and wren.
To retain their class and flock he thought best,
And not change them through fish or beast to
men.

All over the earth the beasts have their lairs,
In jungles and rocks, in grass, hole or cave,
All in their own class, in droves or in pairs
For home and safety, this knowledge God gave.

Sweet harmony reigns in all God's great laws;
No changing by nature of class we see;
Among all this order we see no flaws,
No change through beast to man, from plant to
tree.

With all these great proofs before us each day,
Nature not changing class or relation;
Why Darwin's attempt to change God's own way,
The Bible account of man's creation?

The Savior's Call

O listen to the Savior's call,
He calls for you and me;
That call is clear and plain to all,
And all His face shall see.

All those who listen to His call
Shall see His face of love;
They at His wounded feet will fall,
His outstretched hands above.

He'll raise them from those wounded feet
With His dear hands of love,
He'll take them to that glory seat
Within His home above.

There they will sing redemption's song;
The angels gathered round,
Will listen to that blood washed throng;
Their King His praise they sound.

And all who will not hear His call
They, too, shall bend the knee;
They all before that King shall fall,
And His stern face they'll see.

Then from those eyes they'll shrink with fear
And hear these words of doom,
This voice again they all shall hear,
"You turned me from my home."

I came to make my home within,
For you my life I gave;
To cleanse your heart from every sin,
And your dear life to save.

You would not harken to my call,
You would not let me in;
I could not save you from the fall;
Now you must bear your sin.

Choose Your Life's Work for Brawn or Brain

The artist with palette and brush,
to make his painting fair,
The shades and how to blend
those colors glowing there;
Must have beside his hoard of paints
the skill to mix them, too.
Without the artist's skill and touch
that work he could not do.

That engine on the track with rushing,
rumbling, shriek and roar,
With cars well filled with life or freight,
that passes us before,
To build them all what care and skill
those many hands must take
In axle, wheel, or flange of steel
find flaw or hidden break.

A man upon the farm must know
the time to sow his grain.
The soil prepare, irrigate, or catch
the pleasant rain.
When to plant, the months to grow
and then the time to garner.
He must know these things, or he
could never be a farmer.

The doctors know their many ways to
find our every ill;
Their medicines of many kinds in
powder, liquid, pill,
To ease the aching pain within,
or burning fever break.
Such sickness as without their skill
our very life would take.

The oculist with glass to fit
to these strange eyes of ours,
Those crystals that within contain
corrected vision powers.
He then must know to test these eyes
with knowledge great and true,
Or he would surely fail in all
these wondrous things to do.

The dentist, in each mouth must know
where plate and teeth should meet,
That we with pleasure may partake
the many foods we eat.
To make these, he must surely
many months of training take,
Or a skilled, successful dentist
he would never make.

These verses now must end, but not for
want of subjects more;
A throng of them are waiting still
outside my office door;
To speak of all would take too much
of valued time, I fear,
While crowding out some other thoughts
that should be mentioned here.

Choose your life's work for brawn or brain,
be true and know it well;
Your fortune and your work in after
years will surely tell.
To those who chance these lines to read
while young and in your prime,
At work or school, be this your golden rule,
redeem the time.

The Loving Cords

God binds us all with loving cords
To His dear home above;
There we shall hear our Savior's words
And see His face of love.

Our sons and daughters join the train
Within that home of love;
And there they sing a glad refrain
While in those ranks they move.

Father, sister, or a brother,
Now joins that heavenly throng;
It may be a loving mother
Who sings that glory song.

Perhaps a friend who held the hand,
A wife or husband dear,
Is singing in that happy band
With voice both plain and clear.

We, too, may join that singing throng
And touch our harps of gold;
We, too, may sing redemption's song
Within our Savior's fold.

Salute to Our Flag

Thou flag of our country
We salute thee today!
Thou hast won an ovation
From the heart of our nation
And the homes of the free.

Our flag is now waving
In the breezes on high.
Her bright colors enduring,
They're always alluring
Our sweet liberty on.

Each star brightly shining
In thy field of deep blue
Is a sign and a token
Of our union unbroken
That dares stand for the right.

Where hands of oppression
Have left marks of foul stain
There our waving flag beckons
And our liberty reckons
That foul hand to destroy.

Bartholdi's beacon bright—
Spirit of flag in torch—
Our New York harbor lighting,
All nations there uniting—
New birth of brotherhood.

Morning light is breaking,
Gross darkness disappears.
All nations are awaking
Of freedom's light partaking
From sleep of centuries.

Spirit of Liberty,
In flag waving on high,
We feel your presence winging,
We hear your joy bells ringing
In every passing breeze.

Nature's Hidden Work

Unpleasant things in nature's building here,
God places them beyond the human sight;
In nooks or corners they are hidden near,
Behind the curtains of his darkest night.

The sap which is the life blood of the tree
Gathered from covered mould of mother earth,
By uncouth roots all hidden there you see,
Where nature's God gives all the trees their birth.

From this come trees to breathe the sunlight air
With bodies dressed in finely colored bark;
Branches spread forth with leaves in shape so fair,
A home for beasts, the robin and the lark.

Each year the blossoms, sweet, on branch and stem
Far, far beyond the rarest work of art;
Producing food for beast or bird or men,
The thought of these with joy should fill the
heart.

Kernels of corn, the seeds of grass or grain
Contained within, the hidden germs of life,
Abide in earth until moistened by the rain,
Spring forth to ripen, for the reaper's knife.

Each seed contains within that stalk or blade
That waves majestic in the unseen breeze,
Whose life within no man has ever seen.
God makes this all for grain or grass or trees.

The wondrous force of thought within the brain,
Those throbs of life in every beating heart,
Now from the cloud is shaped that drop of rain,
Such things as these are God's, and not man's art.

What's best for us God knows far more than we,
That God who rules in earth and heaven above;
Blessings in ills of life we do not see
All things are made by this great God of love.

Take Off the Lid

Some men within our city fair
Who for uncovering bid,
Have called upon our Mayor there,
And cried, "Take off the Lid."

Now honest men like you and me,
A reason we would know:
If Lid is off, what things to see?
What have they there to show?

Some say: downtown red lights should glow,
That evil there might breed;
There men and boys wild seed may sow
And cultivate the weed.

Throw open wide each dancing floor,
With liquors there to quaff;
We'll have those stringent laws no more;
How Satan then will laugh!

Then open wide each gambler's door,
Near bars where liquor's sold;
These two join hands upon one floor
To gather in your gold.

But more than that they gather in:
Our manhood, too, they drown;
This is to us a greater sin,
Which all true men must down.

Cafés that rarely have been beat
To call the Devil up;
He there with you will take a seat,
With you he then will sup.

He draws that curtain on the door
With hands and eyes aflame;
Whiskies and wines he then will pour
To cover up all shame.

Is this the place for you and me,
Who love the good and right?
May these our city no more see,
And our fair name to blight.

To these shall we our children sell
That business may be bright?
To feed with them the fires of hell.
No! We shall stand for right.

Mercy and Wrath

Mercy, in haste she flew to gain
A race with angel Wrath,
Who scattered in a fiery rain
Destruction in his path.

To Sodom's city first she came,
Where Lot and family dwelt;
There Lot, we say it to his shame,
God's words he had not felt.

She hastened Lot to speed away
With wife and children dear;
For Wrath would come that very day,
His fiery rain was near.

Within this plain you must not stay,
But to yon mountain flee;
Nor backward look upon your way;
Your safety forward see.

Just so with those on earth who dwell,
God's words we lightly see;
The Holy Spirit hastes to tell;
To Christ for safety flee.

Cast all your life on God's great love;
He bore you on the cross,
That we may dwell with Him above;
And shall he suffer loss?

Parents, Sister and Brother

Parents, sister and brother,
God's children here below,
Humanity may know them,
Their hearts and faces glow.

We see them in our churches
Upon God's holy day,
Uniting there in worship,
They sing, listen and pray.

We meet them at the crossing
Upon life's great highway.
Their words and ways enchanting
Brighter than month of May.

Working at my vocation
In Berkeley city near,
Where classic education
Is taught from year to year,

I met two loving sisters,
God's children—that I know—
They listened to my story—
My work God giv'n below.

We feasted on God's dainties,
From Him so lovely spread,
Gathered from Bible knowledge;
Our drink and daily bread.

And when came time for leaving
God's spirit in them gleamed.
They said, "Please wait a moment,"
Absent they then convened.

Returning then they brought me
"Our gift my brother mine.
Handkerchiefs, Irish linen,
Hemstitched in patterns fine.

"Be not our friendship broken,
Our fellowship below.
Accept this simple token
As you from us now go."

We meet God's children often
As thru this world we go.
God grant we meet in heaven
When work is done below.

Physical versus Spiritual Knowledge

Through our senses of physical recognition, intelligence increases knowledge by invading the strongholds of physical and intellectual nature.

Spiritual knowledge cannot be acquired in this manner for humanity has no sense of spiritual recognition; therefore God let down to us the telescope of prophetic vision, creating Bible storehouse of spiritual knowledge. This knowledge is our anchor in the harbor of God's spiritual presence. In this harbor upon the shores of time, the reception committee consisting of hope, faith, and love, meet true Christian worshipers and accompany us to the shores of eternity where we shall occupy a mansion in the city of our King, prepared from the foundations of the world, where our cup of rejoicing shall never cease to flow.

The Clock on the Mantel

Our clock on the mantel
Is constantly clicking;
Something has gone wrong
When it ceases that ticking.

The wheels move round and round
Forced by a strong mainspring;
One hand shows minutes
And the other hours bring.

One hand moves round each hour,
The other twice each day;
Ticking has power
To hasten time upon its way.

Some clocks show on their face
The weeks, the months, the years;
Our time in passing
Leaves in heart both joys and tears;

Let's mark our time with love,
Kind words each day to give
To those now longing;
God so helping us to live.

God, too, He marks each time
We speak those words of love;
Each one is listed
In that book He keeps above.

Blindness

To live within this darkest night
Is, oh, so hard a thing;
To walk by staff and not by sight
Is in itself a sting.

It came to me when years of light
Had brightened every day;
They came to me these years of night
Oh! Will they always stay?

These curtains drawn upon my day
Have made this ceaseless night;
Deep darkness covers all my way
Dispelling nature's light.

Within my home are those most dear,
Family and friends I love;
Their voices all I daily hear;
I hear them round me move.

When hand in hand our fingers cross
With cheek and kiss to part,
'Tis then I feel my keenest loss;
Grief dries the tear at start.

Suppose a loved one gone away
For more than one long year,
Had now with you one hour to stay;
That one you loved so dear.

The hours to meet is darkest night,
No form or face to see;
Such is my lot bereft of sight,
How sad a thing for me.

Eden's Garden and the Fall

In Eden's garden first the place
Where Eve and Adam dwelt;
While there God met them face to face;
They His great presence felt.

No sin as yet had entered there,
No thoughts of guilty fear;
No anger with each other share,
No sadness and no tear.

Among them all one thought of love
Was shared by bird or beast;
The lion, leopard, and the dove
Shared each their richest feast.

Among them all there freely dwelt
The man and woman fair;
God's love they all so clearly felt,
There was no thought of care.

God made the Eden upon our earth
Where He delights to walk;
To all He gives a happy birth,
With Him they freely talk.

They love to do His righteous will;
The act brings sweetest joy;
By this their hearts with pleasure thrill;
There was no dark alloy.

They rest beneath the spreading tree,
So full of richest bloom;
Among them all no danger see,
For all there is love and room.

No chilling clouds above them fly
To mar their sleep or fun;
The moon and stars bedeck the sky;
The day has golden sun.

Among the hosts of God in Heaven,
An angel fair and bright,
Had in his heart ambition's leaven,
That made him think it right.

To share with God the rule each day,
To share with Him the throne;
This thought with him had come to stay;
This made in Heaven the groan.

One-third of all that heavenly host
At his foul bidding came;
These now are numbered with the lost;
They bear that angel's shame.

They fought with Heaven, that rebel host
Each was from there cast out;
And now in regions damned are lost;
With pain their only shout.

Now Satan as through space did roam,
Espied this garden fair;
He saw within this happy home
That loving human pair.

Then Eve, with brazen face he sought,
To disobey God's will;
Then she to Adam gave the thought,
Then both there ate their fill.

And now from God they hid with shame
While He for them did call;
They feared to answer to their name,
They felt within the fall.

But God so loved the human race,
He could not see them lost;
There banished from the heavenly place,
To dwell with Satan's host.

And now from Eden they must part,
All life shall feel their sin;
Decay and death must pierce the heart,
And evil enter in.

So He redeemed them from the fall
By Christ, His Son of love;
He pardons those who on Him call,
They share His home above.

Since man and woman caused the fall,
Their sin must bear God's hate;
Since death through them has entered all,
Their suffering must be great.

With His great heart He loves us still;
To live with Him in Heaven;
He has a place for us to fill,
Love kills ambition's leaven.

Contagion

Contagion in our atmosphere
From known and unknown source,
Seems to lack conscience there within,
No soul to guide its course.

Sometimes it flows in humor's veins,
Producing laughter loud;
Sometimes with epidemic's leave
It comes in darkest cloud.

Sometimes it leads life's caravan,
All spirits, noble, brave;
Sometimes it leads another force—
The spirits of the knave.

Contagion shapes its onward course
No conscience to molest;
Sometimes it fills affliction's cup;
Sometimes leaves "Joy" for guest!

And when Contagion's work is done
And sits enthroned within,
We must have Christ's loved presence there—
Redemption from all sin.

Fountains of Song

To sing, is fountain's overflow
Of thought that dwells within;
The heart these passions feel or know
Of righteousness or sin.

When heart of fountain's clean and right
The song will then accord;
The singing will be full of light
In thought or deed or word.

When fountain's full of thoughts that stain
That overflow of thine
Will bring that filth of ragtime strain;
Heart's fount will keep in line.

When fountain's full of fondest love
The song will be the same;
You hear in it the cooing dove;
You feel that magic flame.

If fountain's filled with things of past
The song may be of home;
Or it may come in wider blast
Where thou delights to roam.

If fountain's full of God's dear grace
Its overflow will show
The presence of his smiling face
That makes your song to glow.

God help me keep my fountain right;
My song to others show;
My thought point upward to the light,
No other thoughts to know.

A Christian Home

Father and Mother dear!
The most revered names of the home;
Their loved accents I hear;
Floating down through the years they come.

Like sweet odors they bring
Memories of flowers that bloom;
Our thoughts around them cling;
Unyielding to others their room.

What name can fill the place
Of mother so loving and mild,
That sweet and earnest face
Pressed against the face of her child?

Now see them in the hall,
The mother and child as they play;
She warns it not to fall
As it laughingly runs away.

Mother again we see
With children all gathered around,
The Bible on her knee,
Her voice has the sweetest of sound.

She reads the story old
How Jesus came this world to save;
A truth worth more than gold;
For us that precious life He gave.

And now in prayer they kneel,
Around her chair they bow each head,
They there God's presence feel,
They rise and kiss, then go to bed.

And now as there they sleep,
That mother's form is seen above;
She prays that He will keep
These dear sweet forms, her ardent love.

In morning hour, they hear
That mother's voice they quickly heed.
Their love for mother dear
They show in thought and word and deed.

She now presides at board,
Her hands prepared this frugal spread;
The father thanks their Lord
For her, the children and the bread.

The Cleansing Fire

Come, Holy Ghost, with cleansing fire,
And burn our dross of sin;
Dissolve with heat our base desire
And make us clean within.

Cleanse Thou each part where Satan dwelt
With his vile presence dark;
Let Thy dear presence there be felt;
Build flame from holy spark.

Dispel the gloom of sin and death,
These harbingers of woe.
Breathe on us now Thy precious breath
And let it through us flow.

We need this flame in every one
To keep out sin's dark blast;
Until life's work below is done,
And sin and death is past.

Our Lord and Savior dwells in flame
They tell it what to burn.
To these poor hearts of sin it came
Us from all sin to turn.

O, may this flaming pillar rest
On us, Thy temples here;
And may each heart in every breast,
Desire to keep it near.

Our Dear United States

Westward beyond Atlantic's shore
Broad virgin forests lay.
The white man carved in them a door
For he had come to stay.

By woodman's axe were clearings made
Within those forests tall.
Then came the waning of their shade;
Those forest trees must fall.

They clear the way for progress fair,
For she regrets delay.
Our hospitality to share
Fond guests have made their way.

The log house is her castle there,
Retreat from outside ill.
Her hospitality to share
Fond hearts with raptures thrill.

Before her hearth on winter night
Where friends are gathered round,
Their merry laughter in that light
No sweeter music found.

Then when the time for sleep has come
They climb to spacious loft.
At close of day with duties done
They rest on pillows soft.

Parents below in quiet there
Prepare for coming morn.
Each other's counsel freely share
When each day's work is born.

While woodman's axe destroys the life
Of forest deep and wide,
The castle queen is his dear wife
Who rules their home inside.

Each child is prince and princess fair,
Children of noble race.
Within that castle freely share
Both man's and woman's grace.

Home schools like these in children's line
Strengthen the youthful train,
Adding to age's silvered prime
An ardent, fertile brain.

Brave Daniel Boone with faithful gun
On Alleghany's crest,
With sheltered eyes beneath the sun
Views landscapes farther west.

From Alleghany's westward gaze
We see great fertile plains
Where flocks and herds peacefully graze,
Freshened by dew and rains.

But red men with their poisoned breath
Breathe hate of paleface near.
Councils decree their instant death.
Those whites have cause to fear.

Our burning hamlets light the sky,
Each breeze contains a moan.
Women and children there must die;
We hear from them death's groan.

But now red men abandon strife
Peace reigns from shore to shore,
Their burning torch and scalping knife
Are feared and felt no more.

These red men bow to Christ, our Lord,
With deep submissive will.
They feed upon God's precious word,
Their hearts with rapture thrill.

They till broad fields. Their cattle graze
On pleasant pasture land.
Where once was seen their war-dance craze
To lead each savage band.

But progress claims these grazing lands
For fields of corn and wheat,
Planted and tilled by human hands
Supplies for all to eat.

Westward our Rocky Mountains bold—
Here nature builds a place
To store her precious shining gold,
That bright alluring face.

Beyond we see Pacific's wave
Laving our western shore.
Now we have crossed these lands God gave
From woodman's open door.

We now have crossed our wide domain
With progress at our side.
We must find room for her bright train,
For she shall be our bride.

Dame Progress with her modest grace
Walks forth with manly strides
From horses' pace to autos' race
She now in airship rides.

Now let us view from years that past
Progression's life to date,
And look upon those shadows cast
Her present now create.

Faggots retire when candle's wick
Brings forth a better light.
Upon the burnished candlestick,
The housewife's choice delight.

But candles now must yield their place
To coal oil lamps that glow.
These candlesticks, with modest face,
On mantels are for show.

Gas, too, has found an honored place,
A place of world renown.
Broadcasting light for all-night race
In city or in town.

Next comes the bright electric light.
Has progress, by it, won?
Is this the king of her delight,
That yonder noonday sun?

Hamlets with fertile fields around
Mark our progression's stride.
These spots are consecrated ground
For towns and cities wide.

Cities must have their business street
With factories near by,
Where Capital and Labor meet
To fill demand's supply.

There commerce, too, claims right of way
For his great wholesale trade,
For with his patrons, day by day,
Exchanges must be made.

Children in kindergarten found
With their promotion pride,
Climb Wisdom's ladder round by round
To reach fair Wisdom's side.

For them great colleges we found
Maturing minds to school,
For there they learn wisdom profound
Through each promotion's rule.

Wise men from Europe looking far
Discern a light on high,
For Liberty's bright morning star
Lights up their western sky.

They bring choice gifts of wisdom sound
To Washington's new shrine,
Where cradled liberty is found
With sacred light divine.

The Mayflower with its treasure store
Anchors at Plymouth Rock,
And when her prow touched freedom's shore
Tyrants trembled at the shock.

Those pilgrims' worship none molests
At liberty's loved door,
For they are her invited guests
Where tyrants rule no more.

Their sacred flames shine round our earth
From liberty's bright sun,
For Christ, our Savior, gives them birth
To shine till work is done.

Miracles Analyzed

Fasting and prayer are instruments of faith, compelling human impossibilities to submit to the dictates of our will. When God laid the foundations of the universe He created and used forces from supernatural power, making those His instruments of universal construction.

This analysis is not a conception of imperfect humanity, but is established through Bible knowledge. When Christ's disciples requested to know why they could not cast out those demons that infested the child, the answer was that this power must be obtained by fasting and prayer. By this we recognize that not only divine but human activities require instruments adapted to the work we desire to achieve.

The Holy Spirit

Thou gem far more than mother earth
Has ever garnered here;
It came with Jesus at His birth
And shines so full and clear.

It got its brightness up in heaven
As Jesus came away;
By Father, to the Son 'twas given
To make our perfect day.

Now it shines within our darkest night
While in the world below;
Here it makes our way both clear and bright,
It gives a radiant glow.

It now is shining in every heart
And takes its weight of woe;
Now taking it all, in every part,
No matter where we go.

It shines within us a glow of love;
It shines on every one;
And it points the way to heaven above
When work on earth is done.

Bright shining within this gem of light
Before the throne of heaven;
You will hear it in that presence bright,
My name by Jesus given.

Christ then gave His life to have me there
To answer to that name;
That I might with Him, His glory share
That heaven from which He came.

Thanksgiving

The President of these United States has appointed this day as one of national thanksgiving, during the year, but our Heavenly Father has appointed every day of the year as the Christian's National Thanksgiving. Among the many things we as Christians thank God for, the following verses speak of but a small number:

We thank God for the sun of day
That gives us heat and light;
We thank Him for the milder ray,
Those moonbeams of the night.

We thank Him for the vaulted sky
Where stars their vigils keep,
We thank Him for the clouds that fly
And joyful raindrops' weep.

We thank Him for the flowers that bloom;
Their perfume fills the air;
We thank Him that this earth's their room,
This world they make so fair.

We thank Him for the tree and vine
With luscious fruits for all;
We thank Him for their flavor fine
From winter through the fall.

We thank Him for the power of mind
That makes us first on earth;
All life on earth with it we bind;
God gives no higher birth.

We thank Him that He joins with mind
His revelations given;
They help us in this home to find
A purer home in heaven.

I thank Him that I let Him in
No more from me to part;
He cleansed me from my every sin
And sanctified my heart.

The Rapture

Oh, what has awakened these pulse beats of love,
That fills the redeemed ones today,
And flows to our hearts from the regions above!
Each eye is now looking that way.

Our sky now lights up with a glory untold,
While sounds of rejoicing we hear;
The joy in our hearts is increased many fold;
From heralds these words now sound clear.

Oh, Bride, are you ready? Your Bridegroom
draws near;
Yes, hasten, He's coming today;
I'm robed and I'm waiting to welcome my dear
And in His loved presence to stay.

My home He has chosen with streets paved with
gold
In city prepared for the blest,
Where smiles are on faces that never grow old,
His presence is sweetest of rest.

CHORUS:

The bridegroom is coming, his trumpet is sounding,
And the bride is now ready to wed him today.

Love's Delight

Sweet silvery moon with shining disk
We love thy smiling face;
While watching us from home in sky
Thy form has every grace.

Thy crescent quarters and full moon
Are lovers' fond delight;
They watch thee from their trysting place
Through curtains of the night.

With heart to heart, and lip to lip,
Creating lovers' bliss,
With arms encircling each dear form
Complete the lovers' kiss.

Then, hand in hand on life's highway,
They cheer each other there,
While children's voice and smiling face
They sweetest pleasure share.

Oh, silvery moon, watching above,
Continue their delight
Until death meets them on their way
To home, in mansions bright!

Children

Children bring light and sunshine
Those children now we see.
They are the sweetest blossoms
Upon our family tree.

They fill to fullest measure
Our hearts with hope and joy.
They are among our treasures
Pure gems without alloy.

We hear their merry voices
And note each smiling face.
They're running now to greet us,
We love to see them race.

Of course they search our pockets
For treasures hidden there,
These merry little robbers
Those treasures freely share.

We, too, would be just like them,
Though man and woman grown,
Broadcasting youthful pleasures
From life's maturer throne.

Christmas

The Christmas day has come once more,
Of all our days, the peer,
And as it opens now this day
It brings with it good cheer.

Our happy children laugh and play
With toys that Santa's given;
This sure to them is one sweet day
Transplanted here from heaven.

Our girls, their faces all aglow
With joy that fills the heart,
Come with their presents you to show,
Their doll must have first part.

Its sleeping eyes with hair above
Its sweetly smiling face,
That fills the ardent girl with love;
That doll has every grace.

Here mother's love in child is shown
Developing each year;
This child to woman now is grown;
That love shines bright and clear.

A mother's arms with love entwine
Greater gift than Santa's given;
She says, "Come see this child of mine,
God's gift to me from heaven."

With drum, with engine and with train
Joy fills the boyish heart;
From child to manly brawn and brain,
Gives strength for man's great part.

Rich laurels on this earth to win,
May we these laurels grow
From seed that childhood's sown within;
Man's richer fruitage show.

But Christmas brought a greater joy
To every one of earth;
A gift from God without alloy;
It was our Savior's birth.

Angels as heralds with Him came
To Bethlehem's town that day;
The shepherds heard that sweetest name,
From angels on their way.

This gift from God's great love is given,
Our hearts to dwell within;
Then go with us from earth to heaven;
He saves us from all sin.

The Sun of Righteousness

The sun of righteousness shines bright,
Encircling earth today;
Diffusing peace and joy and light,
Within this house of clay.

It warms the soul within the heart
From God's dear flame to grow;
It waters every tiny part,
The buds begin to show.

Bright blossoms now from buds we see
Colored from heaven above;
They cover every branch of tree,
The sunlight of God's love.

These blossoms, too, must fall and fade,
That fruit on branch may show;
That trees like these our God has made,
In multitudes to grow.

And when each tree has filled its part
With fruitage God has given,
He will transplant them with each heart,
To bloom again in heaven.

Missionaries

Our boys and girls, in youthful prime,
Leave home and loved ones dear,
Absent to dwell in distant clime
Through many a dreary year.

Ambition, honor, riches, fame,
Our homeland's proffered store,
They turn from each enticing name
For hardship's open door.

The world views them with deep disdain
For making this their choice,
But conscience bids them firm remain;
They heed her pleading voice.

Their guide is God's dear precious Word,
Message of truth and light,
Story of Christ, our risen Lord,
Touch hearts in darkest night.

Preach on, pray on, ye valiant band!
Your work nobly begun
Is spreading now on every hand,
Redemption through the Son.

God in the Human Heart

God's presence in the human heart
Brings sweetest joy within;
It cleanses us in every part
And drives out every sin.

Our Savior with his scourge of cords
Cleansed Jewish temple there;
And us with equal scourge of words
Our hearts He does not spare.

Our hearts, a den of temple thieves
As to that temple came;
He drives them out and then He leaves
Above the door His name.

Hallelujah! to His great power
To drive our sins away;
Refreshing more than summer shower
Upon a heated day.

Winter

The winter comes with his blanket of snow;
He spreads over this frozen earth;
Plant life thus covered refuses to grow
Until spring shall renew its birth.

The birds in large flocks have sped on the wing
Far away from the steel grey sky;
To stay away till the call of the spring
Shall hear again their welcome cry.

Jack Frost with diamonds all glittering bright
When kissed by the winter sun's ray;
The sleigh riders' joy, those sparkles of light,
As through them they dash on their way.

The sky train loaded with crystals of snow
Now pass on its journey this way;
The wind his breath on that train he doth blow,
To scatter those crystals in play.

They whirl and glide from that train through the
air,

They cover all nature so deep,
Till spring, with its breath so warm and so fair,
Shall waken this nature from sleep.

Each season of year whichever thou art—
An angel their records shall keep;
Some one of earth, when time shall come to part,
Shall tears for thee, at parting, weep.

Winter, though hiding the flowers from view,
He etches plant forms on the glass.
Spring shall again her bright colors renew;
Jack's colors, on flowers, shall mass.

Christ Our Savior

Oh, why the throngs that press around
This man of loving face and frame?
Palm leaves before Him strew the ground
While loud they shout a Savior's name.

First He, a child, in manger lay,
A child that came from heaven above;
He came our sinful debts to pay;
That gave this child His name of love.

The Magi from the farthest East
Came with their gifts both rich and rare;
They came with joy as to a feast;
This child as host to meet them there.

This child in temple next is found;
He answers questions on the law;
Those Doctors find them true and sound;
Among them all there is no flaw.

Then next, though guest, at wedding fine
He all those pots with water filled,
Then from them drew the rarest wine,
For Christ our Savior thus had willed.

Then thousands to a mountain came
To hear the Savior's words so rare;
On sea and land He's just the same;
To all He shows a loving care.

Five loaves with three small fishes feed
Six thousand on that banquet day;
With these Christ satisfies their need.
With naught but gratitude they pay.

On Galilee is seen His form
By anxious ones on ship that night;
He speaks the word that stills the storm
And filled those anxious hearts with light.

His power in temple now we see
With scourge of cords and eyes aflame;
Those money changers from Him flee,
They tremble at His righteous name.

He speaks, and lo! the deaf can hear,
The lame can walk, the blind can see,
In darkness feel His presence dear,
He gives His life for you and me.

He brings Lazarus from the grave,
Restored to friends and sisters dear;
His voice has power from death to save
And all, though dead, His voice shall hear.

He goes with death, that dreaded foe,
But grave lacks strength to keep Him there;
He breaks death's bars, they let Him go;
We all with Him that strength shall share.

How Facts Are Established

Human intelligence recognizes two forms of knowledge. One form is acquired; the other is revealed. To be positive these two forms of knowledge must have supporting evidence.

Under the influence of supporting evidence acquired and revealed knowledge becomes an undisputed truth in the presence of this support whether physical or spiritual. Therefore, when God, the author of perfection, creative power and government, desired humanity to have positive knowledge of His presence He made the Holy Spirit and Christ, His only begotten Son, undeniable witnesses, creating the trinity of our Godhead. Therefore, the Godhead consists of the Divine Father, the Son, and Holy Spirit.

The Country Girl

The country girl with shoulders square,
A bright and smiling face,
No paint, nor powder, needed there,
Yet full of woman's grace.

She sings at work from morn till night,
A happy girl you see.
She rises with the morning light,
With birds and honey-bee.

She cooks the meal and bakes the bread,
She cleans with mop and broom,
On cot and bed the covers spread
In every sleeping room.

From garden grand and berry patch
She gathers crimson store;
Her cheeks and lips and berries match,
We always ask for more.

As royal queen her house and home
With friends and neighbors share;
She smiles to see her lover come;
They are a handsome pair.

We know their troth by sparkling ring
Upon her finger there,
That soon the wedding bells shall bring
One life for them to share.

The Country Boy

His pants rolled up, the country boy,
His feet both bare and brown,
He breathes pure air, a greater joy,
Than those who live in town.

He knows each flower and blossom rare,
Their perfume on the breeze;
He worships God who placed them there
On stem and branch of trees.

He knows the birds, their eggs and nest,
Their color, form and food;
What kind of food they like the best,
And when the time to brood.

Squirrels with streets on branch of trees,
He knows their holes and haunts;
Their richest store of nuts he sees,
Their food for daily wants.

They chatter, talk and scold him there,
When in their leafy bower;
Their children, too, they watch with care;
They know his might and power.

With gun and dog he tracks to lair
The fox, the deer, the coon.
He knows the time to find the pair,
At morning, night or noon.

On Sunday in his parents' pew
He rev'rent bows the knee;
He reads the scriptures, old and new,
And friends and neighbors see.

Now with firm hand he plows the field
For corn or waving grain;
He knows the soil where best it yield
In sunshine, air, and rain.

In leisure hours he fills with thought
The storehouse of the head;
He knows that it cannot be bought,
Yet with it all are led.

And when the call for brains that tower
For judge, or church, or state,
You find this boy, now man with power,
To enter choicest gate.

The Christian's Sabbath

This peaceful, blessed Sabbath day,
To those of Holy thought;
In church we listen, sing and pray;
These hours cannot be bought.

They come to us from heaven above,
God freely sends them here,
That we may have a Savior's love,
And always feel Him near.

We read within God's holy book,
How Christ from heaven came,
And how our sins He freely took,
And suffered for our shame.

That we escape from Adam's fall,
Repentance God has given,
That you and I, both one and all,
May dwell with Him in heaven.

A peaceful day, Oh, happy hour,
God sent this day of rest,
That we might learn redemption's power,
And be with wisdom blest.

The Senses

How wonderful is memory
Within the human brain.
She paints upon her canvas there,
The past we live again.

The paints she uses, numbers five,
They must be mixed with care,
For every sense we humans have
Must in those paintings share.

The lenses in each human eye
Must focus every ray.
They paint with photographic skill
Our visions of the day.

The ear must paint each vibrant sound,
It may be far or near,
And when the voice is harsh and hard
'Tis moistened with a tear.

And then the paint must have perfume.
We breathe it in the air.
It gives the painting joyful grace
Like face of maiden fair.

The paintings, too, must have some taste
Where lips their vigils keep.
They make a mixture beautiful
With tarts and sweets to meet.

The painting must have feeling, too,
To paint the picture fair.
And here our senses are complete,
Each in this painting share.

God Directs

Thus far the Lord has led my way
In poetry and prose;
He tells me when and what to say,
He shows me which to choose.

I asked from Him at very start,
Though blind, some work to share;
He placed this work upon my heart,
He made this book my care.

Our God who gives us light by day
Will leave us not in night.
For he that guides us on our way
Will bring again the light.

God knows just how our work shall end
Before he lets us build;
He knows just when and what to send,
He shows us how to gild.

Then with it all He sends us light
To shine upon each day;
He shows to us each vision bright;
God knows the perfect day.

New Year Resolutions

Now memory hangs upon this day;
The first great day of all the years
Those many vows we failed to pay,
That should have dried our unshed tears.

We learned the way that we should guide
Life's boat on ocean's broad domain;
We learned where we should safely ride,
And when our hands and oars refrain.

But passion whispered in our ears,
"Why linger here those debts to pay?
The storm clouds that create your fears
Are many, many hours away."

Though danger broods these rolling waves
Where lightnings flash and thunders roar,
Why need you fear those watery graves
So far from danger's open door?"

While passion's hand each holds as mine,
Our fleeting hours have quickly sped.
That cloud envelops me and thine,
Our pleasures have forever fled.

When resolutions are too weak
For us these passions to withstand,
God's power alone we then should seek
To save us from fair passion's hand.

God's hand will guide us day by day,
Each rolling wave to safely cross;
For, with His guidance on our way,
He will not let us suffer loss.

Democracy

Democracy engraved its name
Upon the nations wide;
Across the scroll of honored fame,
Upon life's onward tide.

This name has come to dwell on earth,
From out a clouded sky;
Sweet Liberty, that gave it birth,
Now leads to realms on High.

Monarchs had ruled these nations long;
Their scepter, self-desire,
Had kindled flames of lust and wrong,
These flames of brimstone fire.

They kindled here the monarch's strife
For lust and self-renown;
They sapped great nations' strength and life,
To wear a monarch's crown.

To commerce, wealth, and labor, came
These flames for greed and lust;
The hardened conscience feels no shame;
We know not whom to trust.

Democracy has come to reign,
Its scepter shining bright,
To purge from earth the monarch's stain,
With beams of purer light.

This light creates Hope, Faith, and Love,
From Holy City bright;
It comes from Christ, who dwells above;
He gives the purest light.

Tribute to a Loved Friend

Again that messenger has come
With his relentless power.
We see his hand upon the fruit,
The blossom and the flower.

We feel the loss when called to part
From those we love so dear;
We feel that hand now cold and still;
We shed the silent tear.

But God knows what is just the best
For Him and you and me.
God grant that we who linger here
His love in all may see.

Nature again receives this clay:
She claimed this right at birth,
Till Christ His bride shall come to call
From out these graves of earth.

The spirit then shall join this clay
To dwell in mansions bright,
Within that kingdom of the blest,
Where Christ shall be the light.

Our Canary Bird, Bonbon

We love canary bird, Bon-bon,
And his sweet notes of melody.
Are they exchanged for things received
From God above and Mother Earth?

Has he a mind to reason thus
To recognize both good and ill?
Is he a wilful rebel, too,
With debts beyond his power to pay?

Or are these notes to simply fill
Some breach in Mother Nature's law,
Without a thought for good or ill
Like clod of earth, or stone, or tree?

If such, oh, happy, happy bird,
Without these bitter, bitter tears!
Without these evil thoughts within
That nailed our Savior to the cross!

Fasting

O! may we learn to fast as well
As feast while here on earth,
For fasting never fails to tell
Of souls of priceless worth.

Our Savior taught this while here He
Dwelt in these realms below;
The spirit will then feel more clear
His grace to overflow.

Our pampered bodies slothful lie
When they are overfed;
Our spirits coming from the sky,
With them can scarcely wed.

Then let us turn from passions here
To things of greater state.
The spirit will then feel more clear
These bodies here to mate.

The King's Dream and Daniel's Interpretation

The wisdom God gave
To Daniel of old,
Was richer by far
Than silver or gold.

None could interpret
The dream of the king,
But Daniel gave both
The meaning and thing.

An image he saw
In vision that day,
With head of fine gold,
The toes made of clay.

The arms were silver,
The body of brass,
With legs of iron
Whose strength seemed to pass.

This image and parts,
A story it told
Of nations with arts
So strong and so bold.

A stone smoothly cut
In strength without hand,
Smote this great image
That could not withstand.

This image was ground
To powder and dust,
That wind carried off
With favoring gust.

And still it rolls on,
This wonderful stone;
Which is Christ's kingdom
And in it His throne.

Christians are watching
The dawn of the day,
When Jesus shall come
To take us away.

The feast is prepared
For Bridegroom and bride;
As bride in heaven
We sit at His side.

How many Christians here today
Within this sacred place,
Would willingly with Daniel pay
His price to feel God's grace?

Three weeks in mourning Daniel passed,
Upon that river's brink.
No meat or pleasant food in fast,
No pleasure in his drink.

A wondrous person there he saw
Within this vision old,
In linen dress without a flaw
With belt of purest gold.

His face shown with the lightning's glow
That through the storm clouds fly,
His eyes much brighter now doth show
Than stars in winter's sky.

His arms and feet as sun on glass
In glowing beauty shone;
Those arms and feet were polished brass,
His body beryl stone.

While on this person he did look
His friends from there had sped,
For though his limbs with trembling shook
With greater fear they fled.

Should God with us be pleased to speak
Though but a whispered call,
We, too, like Daniel would grow weak
And on our faces fall.

Now, when He bids us rise to stand
As Daniel did that day,
He gives to us His helping hand
When we in earnest pray.

Time and Eternity

Christians, though we have our troubles in this
world as we pass by,
There's a glory time awaiting, just beyond that
sunlit sky.

When we reach that land of promise by the
 Father to us given,
We have passed the swelling Jordan when we
 reach that glory heaven.

There we'll dwell in brightest mansions in that
 city of God's love;
And we'll walk those golden pavements in that
 city there above.

Christians then who've crossed the Jordan there
 shall meet each happy one.
Through this wilderness of earth, our journey,
 now to heaven is done.

Defense of Poetry

Poetry is something more than the rhyming of terminal words. It is eloquence upon dress parade. It is the spirit of a modern express train on its steel track, speeding up and down grades, crossing wide plains, bridging deep chasms and tunneling lofty mountains, stopping only at great distributing points to exchange passengers and mail.

It is the voice of evening singing its low sweet song to sleeping day. It is Beulahland where Christians catch glances of the celestial city over the battlements of paradise.

The King's Highway

As freely ransomed Christians
While marching here we sing,
With Christ our royal leader,
Our Savior and our King.

His banner waving o'er us,
His highway for our feet,
With Jesus marching onward,
Our victory is complete.

He speaks such words of comfort,
His presence makes us strong;
With Jesus leading onward
We cannot suffer wrong.

The lonely wand'ring Christian
Sees lions near the street;
He hears their growls and roarings,
He fears with them to meet.

He's lost the sight of Jesus,
He's fearful of his way;
He does not feel God's presence,
Nor hear His words today.

O, lonely wand'ring Christian,
Keep step with Jesus dear;
You want His strengthening presence,
You need Him always near.

Then while we're marching onward
How happy we will sing;
With Jesus as our leader,
Our Savior and our King.

Healing in the Touch

We may see our Savior on His throne
And touch the hem of His garment there;
We can feel His virtue and His love
With hands of faith, and the arms of prayer.

O help us, dear Lord, in faith to touch,
With the touch of that woman of old;
We would rather have her faith and touch
Than the touch that increases our gold.

There was healing in her faithful touch
Of the hem of His garment that day;
There is healing now in every touch;
May we touch Him by faith as we pray.

He Speaks

God speaks to me in words divine,
In words of ardent love;
That He may bring this life of mine
To live in heaven above.

I know that voice, I know it well,
I've heard it times before,
When Jesus came my soul to tell,
He stood before its door.

I did not let Him in at first,
I loved the worldly way;
I had not learned for Him to thirst,
I would not let Him stay.

But, oh, the richness of His love
My Savior shows for me;
Again He guides these souls that rove
In purer ways to move.

He speaks with words so kindly then
To guide the better way;
He knows we all shall feel it, when
We come with Him to stay.

We hear His voice, we see His face,
So loving, meek and mild;
He leads us to His heavenly place,
The lost and wandering child.

Flowers

Flowers gathered by loving hands
Are messengers divine.
Uniting with their silken bands
The giver's heart and mine.

We place them lovingly on breast—
Affection's sacred throne,
For they are friendship's chosen guest,
Whispers of love, their tone.

With them our home we decorate;
Our place of worship fill.
For there our hearts we consecrate
To do the Maker's will.

Warp and Woof

Again sweet harmony has bound
The faithful heart to heart,
Who wandering long at last have found
They could not live apart.

God gives each life its counterpart
While in this world below;
United with both hand and heart
Together they should grow.

May peace and plenty always find
A home beneath your roof;
These are the golden threads that bind,
We call them warp and woof.

Home

Our home, O that dear place,
How memory clings to thee;
The house, the rooms and each dear face
Though absent still we see.

We see our loved ones there
Around a mother's knee;
Watched over by a father's care
Beneath that family tree.

They work, they play, they sing,
From morn to close of day;
Within that house their laughter ring
Which never fades away.

With friends and neighbors there,
The household gathered in,
That home with them their pleasures share,
Such revels have no sin.

How sweet to think of home
And those dear days gone by,
When up and down through earth we roam
Our thoughts will homeward fly.

Now youth has come to dwell
Beneath the parent roof;
Two loving hearts that plainly tell
From love they are not proof.

The Parson ties a knot
That binds two hearts together;
O, may these loves and sacred spot
Be as one love forever.

A home these hearts now build
Assisted by God's grace;
A home with joyous laughter filled;
We see the childish face.

God builds these homes of earth;
Great joy to them is given;
So full of joy and love and mirth
A foretaste here of heaven.

Divine Love

Thy love, great God, by far exceeding,
All love that we on earth may know,
Unless we have that second breeding,
That Jesus came on earth to show.

Thy love, great God, from heaven descending,
Along with earth-love here to dwell,
Within our hearts that sacred blending,
Oh, who can fail sweet love to tell?

Before us flows this mighty river,
In it we plunge, but cannot cross;
It flows from God that gracious giver,
Without it, oh, how great our loss.

Then may we all from its bank plunge in
This stream so long, so deep, and wide;
It will cleanse us all from every sin,
Our heavenly home stands by its side.

Human Loads

We mortals walking on life's road,
Creating gain and loss,
Each has our own peculiar load;
And in that load a cross.

These loads are all of human make,
Some heavy, others light,
According to the steps we take
In day or shade of night.

Our hearts within this form of clay,
While walking up and down,
May lead us onward to the light
Or where dark chasms frown.

We cannot trust these hearts of ours
To lead us day by day,
For in them all are unclean powers
That point the downward way.

We have the mark of Adam's fall
That taints the soul within;
A passion that is found in all
Creating lives of sin.

To live above this world below
God's love must enter in.
That truth through us His wisdom show
The power that cleanses sin.

Columbia America

Columbia America,
Words loved by nations all,
Our liberty was cradled here
In these United States.

Our constellation, first thirteen,
Now numbers forty-eight;
Our rising son, George Washington,
Lights world's Democracy.

China, Japan and India
Welcome this shining light;
Awakened from their slumbers long
Now Rip Van Winkle play.

They look abroad in great surprise
At changes that have come;
They see monarchs upon their thrones
Facing Democracy.

These Rip Van Winkles in their plight
Can scarce discern their homes;
Those changes in their slumbers long
Are very new to them.

But they in them see Liberty,
A form beloved by all;
They her salute with manly grace
Over their monarch's grave.

March on, march on, United States,
Lead nations day by day
Until we reach the great white throne,
God's wisdom guides the way.

Announcement

Two cooing doves a short time dwelt
Within our family tree;
Within their hearts they surely felt
What we could plainly see.

'Twas sweet to see the stronger wing
Support his birdie fair;
He was to her a faithful king,
She was his loving care.

Behind his wing two faces hide,
But shadows through it show;
Two beaks have met, but not to chide,
Secrets will out, you know.

Now lady birds with her may play,
While he in southlands roam,
But soon will come their happy day
When he will take her home.

The Crossing

I stood upon the curbing;
I feared to cross the street,
For in my perfect blindness,
I feared what I might meet.

But while I stood there doubting
I heard a sweet voice say,
"The street is clear before you,
Come straight across this way."

I crossed it then, not doubting;
A hand took hold my arm;
My feet had made the crossing;
I did not suffer harm.

O! Christian, are you doubting?
Is darkness on your day?
Your Father's voice is calling,
"Come, doubting child, this way."

Birthdays

The budding branch in rain and shower
Unfolds a leaf or blossom there,
Displaying nature's spring time flower
With a Creator's loving care.

And now the home within that tree
This flowing joy of life has felt;
The passing years all turn to see
This lovely home where once they dwelt.

Our birthdays with increasing years
Cannot dissolve this pleasant view;
But through life's pleasures, griefs and fears
That view fills us with courage new.

Gratitude and Ingratitude

Thanksgiving is an expression of gratitude that keeps God's storehouse of blessing open from sunrise to sunrise.

Ingratitude creates the debtor's cell from which there is no escape unless repentance enables pardon to unbolt that door and release the prisoner confined there. Every day contains some blessing requiring an expression of gratitude, while Thanksgiving Day is God's balance sheet showing blessings in excess of Thanksgiving.

He Fills My Ransomed Soul

I could not see the Savior's face
Through all my sinful darkness;
But now that face within my heart
Shines on my ransomed soul;
O! I must shout Hallelujah!!
His face shines in my soul.

I would not hear my Savior's voice
While in my sinful darkness;
But now I hear His loving voice
Speak to my ransomed soul;
O! I must shout Hallelujah!!
His voice speaks to my soul.

I would not take my Savior's hand
While in my sinful darkness;
But now that hand within my heart
Directs my ransomed soul;
O! I must shout Hallelujah!!
His hand directs my soul.

I did not hear the Father's voice
While in my sinful darkness;
But now His voice speaks to my heart,
And fills my ransomed soul;
O! I must shout Hallelujah!!
His voice now fills my soul.

Body and Spirit

The spirits know where bodies lie
Within the silent grave;
Again shall come from yonder sky
The life those bodies gave.

Then God shall break the seal of death
And roll its stone away;
Again shall come new life and breath
Within this silent clay.

These bodies then redeemed shall rise
To dwell with God above;
To live with Christ above the skies
In His dear home of love.

God's children then shall feel no pain,
Nor wear the winding shroud,
When Christ shall come to earth again
Within that shining cloud.

These bodies then with life and breath,
In majesty sublime,
Shall triumph over grave and death,
And live through endless time.

He Guides Aright

Christ's voice in sweetest cadence breaks
Like waves on sandy shore;
The heart is stirred, the soul awakes,
We listen then for more.

The summer's gentle cooling breeze
Comes on the twilight air;
We hear it moving in the trees,
In form and voice so fair.

God gives the sun to light our day,
He sends the moon at night.
To guide your footsteps on their way.
He always guides aright.

Spiritual Discernment

The author desires your careful attention while unveiling a monument dedicated to spiritual discernment.

Without spiritual discernment, human intelligence declares that positive knowledge must be extracted by human effort from physical nature. But up to the present moment, human intelligence through personal effort has failed to solve the problem of existence. Then our human intelligence invaded the Bible storehouse of spiritual knowledge without any better results, for without spiritual discernment we can see nothing in the Bible storehouse beyond the power of human construction.

At last baffled humanity from the depths of humiliation has acknowledged its defeat by calling upon the God of physical and spiritual nature to solve the problem for us. Our cry has been answered by the God of physical and spiritual nature in opening the eyes of our spiritual understanding, and behold we stand in the council chambers of Deity. Among the spiritual objects that at first attract human attention is Christ, the Son of God, dwelling in the bosom of the Father before the Supreme Builder had laid the foundations of physical nature or posted the first record of passing events on the dial plate of time. We also recognize Deity seated upon the throne of supreme creative power and government, peopling heaven with mortal spirits possessing absolute freedom of action that we might give to God a willing service.

We also see Him creating physical human bodies for the residence of an immortal spirit during its stay upon earth. Among the immortal spirits within the Eden of God's presence we recognize Satan and his followers, using the freedom of their will to disobey God's government. Therefore, justice requires that banishment should be the punishment of disobedience. But when God looked upon repentant humanity, His great heart of love was touched with compassion that they had no means by which to escape the punishment for past disobedience. Then He permitted mercy to temper justice through Christ's sacrificial offer of atonement upon Calvary upon condition that repentant disobedience claim this atonement while the immortal spirit inhabits this body of flesh upon earth.

Now, when we look upon the uncertainty of life, is it any wonder that we who have experienced the joy of this atonement should be willing to sacrifice time, intellectual ability, and financial capital that we as instruments of the Holy spirit might lead others in spiritual darkness to the light of a perfect day; and is it any wonder that in our great joy and thankfulness for this atonement that we should build houses of worship and dedicate them to God's service, and that we should also accept the call of the Holy Spirit to sacrifice our life and all that we possess as his ministers in order that others might also enjoy this wonderful blessing?

Signs

The birds know signs of coming day,
The closing of the night;
They know the sun is on its way,
By streak of morning light.

New buds that make the forest grey
Are signs of coming spring;
They know the season on its way,
Green leaves those buds shall bring.

The blossoms all so fair and bright
Are signs of fruitage there;
They make the years and steps so light,
They drive away dull care.

The twilight at the close of day
Is sign of coming night;
They tell us sun has given way
To moon and stars less bright.

The sighing grass, the waving grain,
Are signs that summer's near;
They tell us clouds with shower and rain
Give way to sunshine clear.

The falling leaves, the cooling breeze,
Are signs that fall is near;
The branches on those leafless trees
Are now both brown and sere.

The child, our hope, our life, our light,
Are signs of coming day;
When by their wisdom, love and might,
Great nations they may sway.

His love within each human heart
Is sign from God above,
That by His grace we all may rest
Within His home of love.

Her Birthday

How sweet thy presence, Mother Dear,
To those around thy hearth;
They watch thy footsteps year by year;
This day that gave thee birth.

When first we saw thy loving face
While bending o'er our bed;
We saw thy sweetness, love and grace;
A halo round thy head.

From baby's face to youth full grown
Our eyes shall watch for thee;
That love which thou in us have sown,
Rich fruitage thou shalt see.

These numbering birthdays year by year
So swiftly pass away;
But love's sweet fruitage pure and clear
Has come with thee to stay.

God

Human intelligence recognizes God the source of spiritual and physical life. In a descending scale God imparts his spiritual life to his creation with laws to control their actions.

Spiritual life is not subject to physical laws, therefore it does not possess physical measurements either in weight or dimension, but is an all pervading presence. Therefore, although God imparts His spiritual life as before observed in a descending scale to all His creations, this imparting does not increase or decrease the power of His own spiritual presence.

Perhaps the nearest approach that we can make to the word spirituality is our coined word, memory. Memory is the spiritual photograph of physical objects that form our spiritual life in this physical body with a power that exists when our spiritual life is separated from this physical habitation. This physical body must return again to Mother Earth from which it was taken, but the spiritual life that inhabited it cannot die. Like God who gave it, it is from everlasting to everlasting.

In the highest of this descending scale of God's creative power, we recognize angels surrounding His throne to do the bidding of His will, subject to the laws that He has established.

Second in the descending scale is humanity endowed with that liberty of will possessed by angels and recipient of life, reward and punishment. So in like manner and descending degrees we recognize God's presence in all His creations.

Things We Have Thought and Done

They say we once carried
A stone in the sack.
To balance the grist
Upon the horse's back.

Then we cut a large hole
For the the dog in the door.
Then for the small dog
Cut another hole more.

Should a ship sail onward
Across the ocean.
That she would fall off
Was one time our notion.

If this huge earth is round
Just like a great ball.
All things underneath
Must assuredly fall.

That our first parents grew
From seed in the earth,
Then afterwards came
All their children by birth.

Please excuse, dear reader,
This strange digression;
For from these have come
Our broader progression.

Sunday School Children's Day in Church

We hear the sound of music,
We see the tramping feet,
A youthful army's passing
Just before my seat.

Why all these happy faces,
With smiles so clear and bright?
Oh! they're recruits for Jesus,
The army of the light.

They are to take the places
Of those in service here,
When we shall hear the roll call
To muster over there.

Ye Builders

Oh! ye builders, are you ready?
Have you chosen wise and well?
For this work you now are building
In eternity will tell.

Have you chosen for foundation
Christ, our Savior and our Lord?
All the others will prove worthless;
Only Christ and God's dear word.

You must use God's word in building,
With our Christ as priceless gem,
For to stand the test of fire
You must have the two of them.

Arbitration

When capital and labor become contracting partners for the construction of human activities their resources upon the balances of justice created equilibrium. But our humanity demands supremacy.

To maintain supremacy by armament, billions of capital and millions of lives are sacrificed, creating deprivation, unhappiness and want. To overcome these evils arbitration is rapidly taking the place of armament, and we earnestly pray that the time is close at hand when arbitration with justice for presiding officer will place armament into the grave of eternal oblivion.

The Blind Man

Although you were busy
With muscle and brain
From early this morning,
Through sunshine and rain,

Your work seemed not irksome,
We know by your song,
Your face went on beaming
While righting the wrong.

Your day at last finished,
While dinner is slow,
Your ways are entrancing,
No anger you show.

Though misfortune befall
Whatever your fate,
Your voice is so cheering
As patient you wait.

Though sickness befall you
With darkness without,
That joy reigns within you,
You leave us no doubt.

We hear no complaining
Though rough be the road;
Your peace is maintaining
Whatever the load.

Now where is your strength from
That keeps you this way
From morning to night time
Through every long day?

The scriptures you answer,
God's light on my way,
Flows over my measure,
As daily I pray.

To me they are priceless,
Far richer than gold;
A love so inspiring
Can never be told.

Go drink at that fountain,
So full and so free;
That fountain is flowing
For you and for me.

Though darkness enshrouds me,
My life one long night;
This temple God's dwelling,
Our Savior, the light.

Written by the Author, at seventy, after seven
years of total blindness.

Agnes and Vergie

The following verses are a tribute of respect
from the Author to two young girls who frequently
assisted him on his way:

I hear their joyous laughter,
Their voices clear and sweet;
They're running now to greet me.
I hear their youthful feet.

They would out-do each other,
When Agnes and Vergie meet,
To guide my wandering footsteps
Along the chosen street.

Their hearts are light and joyous
As birds upon the wing;
Or when, in leafy bowers,
These birds, there, chirp and sing.

These acts of sweetest pleasure,
Such youthful hearts to move,
Is the o'erflowing measure
Of God's great, boundless love.

Before You Vote Just Count the Cost

Before you vote just count the cost,
The cost both pro and con;
But count it all, both great and small,
Before your vote is cast.

Would selfish ends your vote obtain,
Refuse to cast it there;
For principle should be the goal,
Be sure to cast with care.

Then cast your vote both strong and true,
With principles the goal;
And God will give a rich reward,
Worth more than base desire.

Your vote upon election day
Must serve a primal part;
For temperance it should firmly stand
Against foul Satan's art.

Then vote for them who bravely stand
Against this awful curse;
Who does not for some selfish end
A silence there maintain.

We cannot trust a man who shrinks
From duty's sacred call;
That he perchance some votes may win,
Upon election day.

True principles at any cost
Shall be our slogan cry;
There's other ways our end to gain,
Than revenue for wrong.

No more let money stained with sin
Our revenue salute;
And then the drunkard's children's cry
Will change to words of joy.

Why should we license men to sell
Intoxicating drinks
And then arrest these drunken men
Who zigzag on the street?

Shall our fair state, a nation's pride,
Bear this foul stain away?
Our votes have might when cast aright
To drive this cloud away.

The Home of the Spirit

Brain is the home of thought or mind,
The place where spirits dwell;
Each spirit can its body find,
Its shape and substance tell.

The Spirit needs no wings in flight
To bring the two together;
Nothing can hinder its clear sight,
No fogs or stormy weather.

The mountains high may bar our light,
Or oceans wide may sever;
The spirit has a clearer sight,
Such things can hinder never.

Vision

I stood upon yon Alpine peak
Amid a mountain range of thought.
How shall I of their beauties speak,
The great expanse of view they brought?

Beneath my feet a peerless day
Amid those shadeless sunbeams bright,
No mists or fogs obscured the way
To dim the vision of my sight.

I see men hurrying to and fro
Amid the busy walks of life,
With earnest thoughts and step they go
Amid this ever-changing strife.

A beacon light shines bright and far
Along my path where others tread,
Like the dear radiant Eastern star
Where wisdom's steps were onward led.

God's beacon gives a perfect light,
While we our thought to actions mold,
It gives us all a vision bright
To stamp our thoughts in purest gold.

But self gives shadow to the right,
While all our thoughts to actions mold,
Creating visions pure and bright
Our thoughts stamp dross as purest gold.

Within our busy marts of trade
Dross fills the place of purer gold.
Unequal changes here are made
By shades of self within our mold.

This dross has plowed its furrows deep
Upon sweet nature's loving face;
Where selfish shades their vigils keep
The purest gold from nature's place.

Unequal values great and small,
Rule changing values of the earth,
These changing values rise and fall
Since shades of self first gave them birth.

Now justice languishes below,
And self still furrows nature's face,
And dross within those furrows flow
To keep pure gold from nature's place.

And must God's work now lose its grace,
Journeying hither, to and fro,
And yield to dross to end the race
And claim rewards for guilt and woe?

God cast us in a finer mold
Than fish or insect, bird or beast;
He made the dross and purest gold,
His perfect wisdom knoweth best.

God gives us vision to discern
The sense of nature through this mold,
Within the school of life to learn
To stamp the grades of dross and gold.

And then God gave the golden rule,
With it to stamp each act of life;
He gives us this in life's great school
To cancel all our words and strife.

But self and Satan in this mold
Have placed in us this sinful' leaven,
And then we stamp the dross for gold
Which close to us the gates of heaven.

But justice gives to Christ alone
The power to kill this sinful leaven,
And for our sinful deeds atone
He opens wide the gates of heaven.

Now o'er these lofty Alpine peaks
Amid this mountain range of thought
God arches with the words he speaks
The lessons that for us He sought.

Peace

There is no rest or perfect peace
Upon these rolling waves of life;
Until the storms that made them cease,
Until the end of human strife.

And then a smiling peaceful face
Transforms the furrowed face of care,
And peace now finds a resting place,
No longer swept by waves of care.

Joy fills the heart of every one,
Now looking in this peaceful face;
That this world's war at last is done
And peace has found her resting place

God's Presence

God's ears are always open,
He hears our every cry;
We need no angel pinions
To carry them on high.

For He is here among us,
His presence now we feel;
His glory shines around us
While at His feet we kneel.

His hands are here to lift us
When we in weakness fall,
He knows our sinful nature,
He knows the hearts of all.

He knows our every sorrow,
We see His face of love,
He fills our hearts with rapture
While here on earth we move.

He gives us strength for weakness,
He lights each coming day,
His Holy Spirit guides us
Upon our onward way.

We have a mansion yonder
Above this world of care,
Where we shall meet to worship
And Christ's dear presence share.

The Old and New Year

The old year nineteen twenty-two
At midnight passed away;
He used twelve months to plant and reap,
He dare not longer stay.

For Mother Time had given birth
To nineteen twenty-three,
Whose manly face and sturdy form
Must fill that place, you see.

'Tis thus God's scepter forward moves,
It is time's willing load,
While Bible truth this scepter bright
Lights us on upward road.

Each moment of the coming year
Is dressed in nature's shroud,
But Bible knowledge bright and clear
Builds hope beyond the cloud.

This Bible knowledge, God's dear Word,
To us God's scepter given;
It lights us on our upward road
Until we enter heaven.

Other's Faults and Ours Contrasted

When we place other's faults upon the object glass of our compound microscope they are magnified one thousand times, but when we place our faults there they are scarcely discernible to us. This discrepancy is not chargeable to the microscope, but to ourselves.

California

We see Dame Nature's fond Caress
In this State each hour,
Her smile of sunshine here expressed,
The sweetness of her power:
In Cal-i-for-ni-a.

Our mountain peaks their vigils keep,
With nightcaps white as snow,
While nature's children peacefully sleep
And their great beauty show:
In Cal-i-for-ni-a.

Our fruits and trees the very best,
Dame Nature kept in store,
That she might place them farthest west,
Upon Pacific's shore:
In Cal-i-for-ni-a.

And then she placed in granite mould,
To fill our hearts with joy,
The brightest of her purest gold,
Without the least alloy:
In Cal-i-for-ni-a.

Then we must here express our love,
Our love the purest, best,
To God who dwells in Heaven above,
We His abiding guest:
From Cal-i-for-ni-a.

Commemorating My Daughter's Thirty-fifth Birthday

The golden mean that lays between
The morning light and end of strife,
That spans the ever-changing stream
Through the allotted years of life.

Your happy dreams of early life
Have lost the brightness of their hue,
But blossoms fade that hid the bud,
The purest hopes of fruitage new.

The fruitage of maturer life
Are ripened by revolving years;
These fruits will have a richer glow
When moistened by our falling tears.

What though you live between the waves
Or mount the ocean's rolling tide?
Praise God for all His works and ways,
At last to port you'll safely ride.

Our Country's Call

We listened to our country's call;
We forced a monarch to the wall;
The Allies faced four years of hell,
While millions of their loved ones fell.
We filled the breaches, forced the fight,
Till justice shone through that dark night.
And now we're home, we've come to stay,
While justice holds her rightful sway.

All honor to each comrade brave,
No tyrant and no cringing slave.
No monarch o'er us holds his rod,
With liberty we worship God.
We hail with joy the end of strife.
To fill our place in peaceful life.
We love our plains and forests wide,
We love our own dear fireside.
To us each home is sacred ground,
Where youthful hopes still linger 'round.
The sexes are but dual parts
Where love's communing links two hearts.
The golden band engagement ring
With marriage vows proclaim us king.
But while we're king in this dear fold,
Our loving queen is brighter gold.
And now we're here we haste to greet
Each friendly face with eager feet.
Here strife must yield to gentler power
Where sweet affections rule the hour.
But some have fallen, they're not here.
For them there flows the silent tear.
Beneath yon vaulted star-lit sky
God knows the graves where heroes lie.
The sun and moon their vigils keep,
Where friends and loved ones for them weep.
Lord grant we then may meet above
Within the Eden of God's love.

Ex-President Harding

Our President has passed away,
His work on earth is done,
And now he wears the victor's crown
That he on earth had won.

While here we mourn a nation's loss
He dwells in city bright,
Above this world of earthly cares
In wisdom's perfect light.

Coolidge now fills our leader's chair
In Washington today;
God grant him Harding's faith divine
To lead our onward way.

Grow on, live on, United States,
Thou land of liberty,
Where peace and plenty love to dwell,
Nations delight in thee.

Primeval Versus Cultivated Nature

The verses in the first part of this poem refer to Nature in the Rough. Balance refers to Nature under Cultivation.

From woodland slopes to quiet dale,
From snow-clad peaks to sunny vale,
Wild Nature holds her sway.

Her giant trees with branches tossed,
While babbling brooks their shadows crossed,
Now hasten on their way.

The branches build the great highway,
Where squirrels dwell throughout the day;
Their fortress and their home.

Here birds with flitting, gaudy wing,
In joyful anthems loud they bring
To God their notes of praise.

Beneath, the wild beasts have their lair,
Within this pleasant home they share
The liberty God gives.

Here human forms in Nature's dress
Receive fond summer's sweet caress,
Their bed upon the ground.

And now these human bodies fair
Are clothed in garments, combed their hair,
In fashion's latest style.

These forests in their grandeur wild
Are but the building of the child,
In strength for future years.

This strength must come from human brain,
From books that teach and schools that train,
While climbing higher up.

March on! March on! advancing years,
Dispelling doubt and gloomy fears,
As onward still we climb!

The Lord's Supper

Within that upper chamber,
Around that social board,
How pleasant to remember
That supper with the Lord.

Christ's manna from above,
They ate and drank together,
Sent down from God, the Father,
His gift of perfect love.

Christ's blood, that wine, a token
Flowing from Calvary,
From His dear body broken,
Was freely shed for me.

And now we meet together
To banquet on the word
Sent down from God, the Father,
Through Christ, our risen Lord.

Some day will bring the message
To meet with them above;
For Christ has paid our passage
To Heaven, their home of love.

The Claims of Birthplace

Pennsylvania

Sweet cadence in this word I hear,
Each changing season of the year,
In Pennsylvania.

There, greatest youthful joys I found
Upon that dear enchanted ground,
In Pennsylvania.

I know these words cannot express
Dame Nature's love and fond caress,
In Pennsylvania.

Upon my lips and cheeks and brow
I feel her sweet caress just now,
From Pennsylvania.

I see her dressed in springtime light
With sunshine, dew, and rainbows bright,
In Pennsylvania.

Bright colored blossoms in her hair,
Her form majestic ever fair,
In Pennsylvania.

I see her in her summer dress,
I know the warmth of her caress,
In Pennsylvania.

And now I see in Autumn light
Dame Nature dressed in fall's delight,
In Pennsylvania.

Again I see in winter's glow
Dame Nature's dress of purest snow,
In Pennsylvania.

The claims of youth and birthplace all
Thru memory upon us call,
No matter where we roam.

Ocean of God's Love

Our thoughts and words and deeds must show
The love that God has given.
Like mighty rivers onward flow,
Our ocean yonder heaven.

That ocean has unfathomed depths.
Of love we all may share;
It is the sum of human debts
Which God returns us there.

No ebb or flow of rolling wave,
No changing of the tide;
All those who claim God's power to save
Unanchored safely ride.

They walk with Christ and His great love
Upon that ocean floor;
No angry waves or clouds above,
There, doubt shall be no more.

The Game of Labor

God bless the game and bless the day
In Labor's earnest call,
When honest work and honest pay
Shall be the rule of all.

There must be leaders in the game,
In Labor's work below.
We care not what may be their name,
They must from Labor grow.

Then strength for pay should be still more
Than those whose strength is less.
Is not our capital in store
The strength that each possess?

Then why attempt to even up
The strength of you and me?
We cannot change each other's cup,
That would injustice be.

But strength in Labor's game of life
In weakness often falls.
Then mercy strengthens cup of strife,
That they may dine from all.

Proverbs in Eight Syllables

The sun in coming brings the light,
But in departing brings the night.

Tomorrow brings our own today,
But yesternight steals them away.

Young men step quickly on life's stage,
But slow, and bending, leave with age.

Hope looks ahead from its tomorrow,
But yesterday is full of sorrow.

Joy comes and brings his wish today,
But sorrow sends it on its way.

Wealth helps us earthly pleasures choose
With poverty these joys we lose.

If cloud sends rain to turn the mill
That rain in fog must climb the hill.

This life shall end in peace above
If in this life we have God's love.

The World's Subjection

God in His infinite wisdom has formed this earth, placing upon it His creations in chaotic, wild and uncultivated profusion and sends it forth on its highway. He has made it to journey on among the millions of those worlds that bedeck our midnight sky, each crossing and recrossing the other's pathway, with the order, harmony, and rhythm of sweetest music.

Now God has endowed man with intelligence, soul and spirit, and commanded him to subdue this wild, uncultivated, animal, vegetable and mineral life, and make it subservient to his use for food, for clothing, and for happiness.

This intelligence enables us to take the wild seeds of nature and produce the beautiful fields of waving grain from which we make the loaves of bread, now on the tables of every civilized home. This intelligence enables us to take the uncultivated vine and produce the cultivated clusters of luscious grapes. It enables us to take the uncultivated fruit trees and produce the golden orange, the plum, peach, pear, cherry, apple, etc., which nourish the body and gratify the taste, and please the eye. We take the wool from the sheep, the cocoon of the silk worm, and the cotton from the stalk, for our clothing; and the bodies of beasts, birds and fish for our meat.

We delve down into the earth for the coal, and bore long deep holes to the hidden oil, to feed our fires and run our machinery. We take from the

mine the iron, copper, silver, gold and precious stones for use and for adornment.

Although we can make our voices heard but a few rods, yet we can harness our thoughts to telegraph and telephone and converse with our friends and loved ones over mountains and across oceans to distant lands, thousands of miles away, with the speed of lightning.

We also take the trees of the forest, saw them into boards and these, with brick, marble, stone and iron, build our sumptuous homes and large cities where we live by thousands and millions.

Now we come to another picture of the unfathomed depths of our natures, that God in His own wisdom has not permitted us to understand. It is this: Why are we permitted to use this intelligence, given for a good purpose, to destroy the things that we have built up, and even to take the lives which we cannot give?

We take the same iron and steel, like we have used in the building of these beautiful cities, and build the large vessels of war, the dreadnoughts and heavy cannon, to destroy these cities and to pile their streets with the wounded, the dying and the dead.

We also join together in immense armies, as in Europe, and lead millions of men against each other, with the most approved modern weapons of warfare. We march these armies through the orchards of fruit and over those fields of waving grain, saturating the ground and making the streams run red with the lifeblood of each other, creating

thousands, even millions of widows and orphans, and spreading ruin and destruction everywhere.

These hidden things of our nature, and why this evil in it should exist, God has not as yet revealed unto us, but He did reveal unto us His Son, our Savior, who came to this earth to redeem us from this thralldom of sin; and that He will come again in the millennium, when He will bind this evil so that it can harm no more during His blissful reign.

Then He will wrap His blanket of love around this earth and restore all nature, like unto the Garden of Eden before Satan had introduced sin by leading Adam and Eve from their innocence to disobey the commands of their God.

The desire of many a Christian heart is that this dear Savior as our king will not delay the time when we shall hear His trumpet that shall wake the dead and call them forth from their graves, and, with the living ones of earth who have been redeemed by His precious blood, shall be caught up to meet Him in the air.

Prayer and Faith

Prayer without faith is like the pen of a ready writer without ink, or a stove prepared with fuel without applying the match. You will observe in either of these named, nothing would be accomplished, for God answers prayer through the faith that we have in Him.

The Galley Slave

To me *Les Miserables* made Victor Hugo appear among the advanced intellectual lords of all ages. In support of this we will consider some of the notable characters in that wonderful book. Especially we would call your attention to those characters interwoven with the life of Jean Valjean.

You will remember that having been convicted of housebreaking and robbery he was sentenced to pay the penalty of his wrong-doing with a long term of penal servitude in the capacity of a galley slave. Now after having paid the penalty through this servitude his discharge was accompanied by a yellow passport. Upon this passport were named the crimes for which he had suffered. This passport he was obliged to present to officers and leaders in whatever capacity he might meet them. But the moment he presented that passport describing this dangerous individual who had invaded the sanctuary of their presence, he was ordered to move on without permitting him to partake of food, shelter or rest.

Driven from extremity to extremity he finally sought refuge in a low turf building where an open door seemed to invite. Hardly had he entered and stretched himself upon its bed of straw than he was warned by a fierce growl that he must move on for his presence was not desired even in a dog's kennel.

After wandering for many hours, hungry and weary, he stretched himself upon a stone bench in a park of that great city. There a kind woman,

recognizing his forlorn condition after having shown his passport and narrating his story, in the depths of her compassion turned to him and said, "Have you knocked at that door?" pointing toward a one-story building adjacent.

"Please go and knock there," said the dear lady.

With this one ray of hope lighting up the darkness that surrounded him, he knocked at the door and was surprised to hear a kind, manly voice within answering the call by saying, "Come in."

Trembling with fear at the receptions he had heretofore received, he opened the door and entered a living room warmed by a pleasant fire blazing upon the hearth. In front of this fire was seated a man of middle age in clerical garments accompanied by the presence of two women.

Approaching them Jean Valjean handed his yellow passport to the curé, as he supposed him to be, and stood with downcast eyes as they read the introduction describing the character of the man that stood in their presence.

Rising from his seat the supposed curé, who was a bishop of the church, placed a seat before the fire and said to him in the kindest of voice, "Monsieur Jean Valjean, you must be cold, hungry and tired. Please be seated here."

Before him over the fire were pots and kettles hanging from a crane from which came the rich odors of the preparing meal.

Turning to one of his lady companions the bishop said to her, "Place a chair of honor at the table to be occupied by M. Jean Valjean. Also bring the

balance of our silverware and select from among them the choicest that we always have in readiness for an honored guest."

Then turning to the other lady the bishop requested her to place clean white sheets upon the bed in their guest chamber. "For," he said, "after our brother has dined his worn out condition will require that he should retire early."

Scarcely could Jean Valjean believe his own ears that after knowing his record he was addressed as gentleman and brother and that the bishop was going to treat him with this high degree of honor.

At last he was about to partake of that nourishment which he was so much in need of. And was it really true that for the first time in fourteen years of penal servitude as a galley slave, he was again to be permitted to sleep upon a bed with white sheets and beautiful tapestry?

Conquering the hunger that tempted him to eat with the voracity of some wild beast, Jean Valjean listened to a kindly conversation. After the repast had been ended the bishop's companions removed the dishes, gathered up the charming silverware, and, after having cleaned and polished them, placed them in the drawer of a cabinet near by.

After carefully drawing him out in conversation as one of their members they recognized his extreme exhaustion. The bishop placed a candle in one of the superb silver candlesticks that stood upon the mantel. Taking it in his hand the bishop led the way to the guest chamber adjacent to his own sleeping apartment, and then bidding him a

pleasant night's rest, he withdrew, leaving Jean Valjean to his own reflections.

So exhausted was he that for a moment he rested himself by sitting upon the bed after extinguishing the candle. Then he went to bed without even removing his shoes with their iron soles that had been part of his prison garb.

And here we find the ex-criminal comparing the treatment that he had received from the hands of the world with the treatment of the church and its chief officer, the first treatment being full of selfish avarice, while the church had to offer to him food, shelter and loving care. Yet, what is to follow shows that his criminal instincts were stronger than his devotion to the church.

On the following morning when the breakfast hour had arrived the bishop knocked at the door of his guest's room and as there was no answer he pushed the door ajar and was surprised to find that his guest had departed. But he and his companions were still more surprised to find that their silverware had also departed.

While there was considerable consternation among his female companions, the bishop simply smiled and said, "The money that we had wrapped up in that silverware rightfully belonged to the poor and needy, and we have already retained them too long, lessening the benefits that they should be providing for others."

Perhaps an hour later while they were sitting conversing together, the bishop, hearing a rap at the door answered in the usual manner, saying, "Come in."

When the door was pushed open he was astonished to see Jean Valjean making a peremptory call flanked on either side by a policeman, while a third, being the sergeant of the squad, holding a package in his hand addressed the bishop.

"We recognized this fellow fleeing like an escaped criminal and having given chase we found in his possession this package of silverware which we recognized by the marks upon them to belong to you, and we wish you to make your complaint."

Smiling, the bishop replied, "It is not my desire to do so as Monsieur, whom you have so nobly escorted to me, is my guest. Therefore I request that you discharge him from custody and leave him with me. I also wish to congratulate you for so promptly attending to what appeared to be your duty."

Promptly complying with this request they departed.

Then the bishop said, "Walk in Monsieur, as I wish to speak with you."

After seating themselves he said, "Brother, I am surprised that you did not complete your work in a more scientific manner, for here before your eyes when you left were these two silver candlesticks of far more value than the silverware. Therefore, it is my pleasure now to not only make you a gift of the silverware, but also the silver candlesticks. I do this upon condition that you promise me to use the money obtained from them in providing for yourself some honorable occupation that will provide for your necessities.

"I have made this sacrifice on your behalf that it may lead you towards God, and be the means of your soul's salvation. The doors of my house remain unfastened day and night to provide the needy with food, shelter, and rest. Should you be passing this way at any time it will be my pleasure to take your hand through success or adversity. Goodbye and God bless you."

By this time Jean Valjean was trembling from head to foot, and looking at the bishop he said, "Is it really true that after I have been recreant to the trust you placed in me that you really had me discharged from custody and shown your great kindness by presenting to me, as a gift, with that which I had surreptitiously taken from you, besides adding more to it?"

"Are you God's servant and is this the way he deals with those who break his commands? No wonder that criminals break down and repent of their misdoings. With your prayers and God's help I shall hereafter live a life that shall honor God and benefit mankind."

Dear readers, let this lesson teach you the true spirit of Christian devotion.

Wonders

Wonderful waves in ocean's great store,
Throwing their tons against ocean's shore
In reckless majesty.

Wonderful rivers while onward they go,
Increasing their volume as onward they flow
To ocean's great reservoir.

Wonderful clouds floating in sky,
Laden with raindrops, onward they fly
To moisten Mother Earth.

Wonderful flowers and blossoms that glow
With perfume entrancing while here they do grow,
Make paradise on earth.

Wonderful sunlight creating the day,
Wonderful moonlight with silvery ray
The beauty and glory of night.

Wonderful God, creator of earth,
Wonderful life that gave us birth,
Divine omnipotence.

The Natural and Spiritual Universe

In our natural world every living human body has five witnesses to aid us in establishing positive physical knowledge. The names of these witnesses are Sight, Sound, Odor, Taste and Touch.

These senses are the products of this material world. Therefore, positive knowledge is personally obtained. But to make a positive fact from personal knowledge, it must have one or more witnesses corroborating a personal statement.

By this you must recognize that positive knowledge must come through the five witnesses hereinbefore enumerated. But knowledge of the material things, as generally accepted, also includes personal knowledge from the second and third persons. Therefore established facts not only must include personal knowledge through these five witnesses, but also must include faith or belief in the second and third person's declarations. This, of course, can only apply to this material world.

Not so with the spiritual world in which we are a part. Our physical senses can only recognize material things and they cannot aid us in the establishment of spiritual knowledge. To obtain this it must be revealed or imparted to us from those in the spiritual world. When we have arrived at this point in our analysis, faith and belief takes the place of positive knowledge. Therefore in the realm of spiritual faith and belief we do not walk by sight or any of our physical senses, but simply through faith in what we have received from the spiritual world. We, as human beings, have no

power in ourselves to dictate in what manner spiritual knowledge is made known to us, but belief requires that we must have faith in the spirit's revelations. Upon this faith and belief our Old and New Testament scriptures have been compiled.

Take, for instance, this declaration: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth"; we must have received some evidence that there is a God and that He has the power to create. Now we accept God not as a physical but as a spiritual being and also that he has power to assume physical forms to assist physical recognition.

Our Old Testament scripture is full of these declarations. For instance, we accept prophetic vision as one of God's ways through which to inform us of spiritual realities. We also accept God through prophetic vision as the ruler of His creations and that the Ten Commandments received by Moses on Mount Sinai was received from the Supreme Ruler of universal creative power as a declaration of His will.

Therefore, human life and government to please our God of perfection must harmonize with those commands; disobedience on our part makes us subject to punishment, for law without enforcement is of no effect. There must be punishment for disobedience as well as rewards for obedience.

Through this analysis we recognize the justice of God in creating heaven as a condition of reward and also creating hell as a condition of punishment. We also recognize justice in this physical world by enforcing the Ten Commandments by

rewards in this life as well as punishment for their violation.

Now in regard to manifestation from the spiritual world in addition to what we have already enumerated, according to our Bible knowledge God has manifested His will to humanity in various ways.

In Bible knowledge we have the story of Moses, who while passing on his way, saw by the roadside a bush in the midst of a burning flame and yet the form of the bush within the flame was not consumed.

This, no doubt, was God's plan to attract the attention of Moses in order that He might communicate knowledge that He desired Moses, and all humanity through him, to receive. Then we hear a voice speaking from out of the flame saying, "Put thy shoes from off thy feet for thou art standing on holy ground."

In other words, he desired Moses to know that he stood in the presence of deity. In this incident we also recognize that God and His messengers from the spirit world can also formulate words in a language spoken by the one to whom they are addressing.

This seems to be a very strong point in Bible knowledge for there we recognize it in the voice from open heaven saying, "This is my beloved son in whom I am well pleased. Hear ye him!" which was heard by John to whom Jesus had come for baptism.

Again it is recognizable through Balaam's ass which he was riding when that animal cried out

against Balaam for beating him. There God's spiritual messenger stood in his way with a drawn sword, not permitting them to pass. This messenger appeared visible to the animal, while it was not visible to Balaam himself.

It is unnecessary to continue this list in our analysis for the faith that we exercise in Bible knowledge will enable every reader who searches this Bible through faith in the Holy Ghost, the third person of our godhead, to have sufficient evidence of spiritual life and existence through time and eternity.

Changes

Our world is full of changes
No matter where we go.
We find them at the Ganges,
We find them in the snow.

Perhaps in autos riding
A thousand miles, or more,
Or horses' backs bestriding
Like cavaliers of yore.

Our phonographs are talking
In dialects we know,
While men their game are stalking
In moving picture show.

We listen through receivers
To voices far away.
Our phones are not deceivers,
We know the words they say.

Within this world of wonder
In ships we traverse sky;
Above the clouds and thunder
In airships there we fly.

Move on, relentless ages,
You have for us in store,
Within unwritten pages
Thousands of changes more.

A Prayer

Oh! Lord, our God! In this humble attitude and in these reverent words of devotion we would approach Thee! Thou whose throne is high and lifted up and yet whose presence and train fills this place, help us to have that humility of spirit that Isaiah saw in the Seraphims who worship in Thy presence, each having six wings. With two wings they cover their faces; with two wings they cover their feet; with two wings they fly; and as they pass each other they cry, "Holy! Holy! Holy! Lord God of Hosts! The whole earth is full of Thy glory." And then when we, like Isaiah, cry, "I am a man of unclean lips," wilt Thou send Thy Angel to take a live coal from off the altar and touch our lips, that we may speak Thy messages.

But, Oh, Lord, may it not be a message of wrath and desolation such as Thou gavest Isaiah, but one making us Thy messengers, to carry the marvelous light of Christ's gospel into the dark places of sin, and through that light point them to that fountain opened in the house of David for sin and uncleanness, where they with us may plunge in and be washed whiter than snow. Grant this, not for any worthiness in us, but for Thy dear Son's sake. Amen.

True Bravery

The truly brave among men, women and children are those who, regardless of what others may say or think, will not remain silent when that silence would defeat justice. Scholars generally detest those who are tattlers when their information would have been better unsaid, but when remaining silent would defeat justice, it is real bravery to speak the truth without fear or favor.

The following poem was dictated by the author of this volume on yesternight, September 12, 1924. Although the proof sheets for this volume are already prepared for submission, they again opened the publication to receive these verses. This is positive knowledge that the publishers and printers are wide awake at their business headquarters.

Defense Day

Though friends on friends may each depend,
Each friend should know how to defend
Should others them assault.

Defense needs science, training, skill,
For untrained strength is bungling still,
Science will there prevail.

To train, weapons we, too, must choose,
For we must know how them to use
When we must thus defend.

'Tis so with friends and nations all
Should friend or nation on us call
In our or their defense.

Defenses do discourage attack,
And where defenses are but slack
Evil will there intrude.

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